ONE, TWO, THREE

Screenplay by

Billy Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond

THIS PIECE MUST BE PLAYED MOLTO FURIOSO

-- AT A RAPID-FIRE, BREAKNECK TEMPO,

SUGGESTED SPEED: 100 MILES AN HOUR --

ON THE CURVES -- 140 MILES AN HOUR ON

THE STRAIGHTAWAY.

ONE, TWO, THREE

C. R. MacNAMARA	James Cagney
OTTO LUDWIG PIFFL	Horst Buchholz
SCARLETT HAZELTINE	Pamela Tiffin
PHYLLIS MacNAMARA	Arlene Francis
SCHLEMMER	Hanns Lothar
INGEBORG	Lilo Pulver
WENDELL P. HAZELTINE	Howard St. John
MRS. HAZELTINE	Lois Bolton
PERIPETCHIKOFF	Leon Askin
BORODENKO	Ralf Wolter
MISHKIN	Peter Capell
FRITZ	Karl Lieffen
COUNT von DROSTE-SCHATTENBURG	Hubert von Meyerinck
DR. BAUER	Henning Schlüter
NEWSPAPERMAN	Til Kiwe
ZEIDLITZ	Karl Ludwig Lindt
TOMMY MacNAMARA	John Allen
CINDY MacNAMARA	Christine Allen
BERTHA	Rose Renée Roth
M. P. SERGEANT	Red Buttons
M. P. CORPORAL	Ivan Arnold
EAST GERMAN POLICE CORPORAL	Helmut Schmid
EAST GERMAN INTERROGATOR	Gerd Martienzen
SECOND INTERROGATOR	Otto Friebel
EAST GERMAN POLICE SERGEANT	Werner Buttler

SECOND POLICEMAN	Klaus Becker
THIRD POLICEMAN	Siegfried Dornbusch
KRAUSE	Paul Bös
TAILOR	Max Buchsbaum
HABERDASHER	Jaspar von Oertzen
PIERRE	Jacques Chevalier
STEWARDESS	Inga de Toro
SHOEMAN	Werner Hessenland
JEWELER	Abi von Haase
BARBER	
MANICURIST	
LUGGAGE MAN	
WAITER	
PAINTER	
FLOWER MAN	
HAT MAN	

ONE, TWO, THREE

FADE IN:

1 THE BRANDENBURG GATE - LATE AUGUST, 1961 - DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the quadriga, atop the Gate, to the barbed wire blocking the approach below. The Gate is heavily guarded by East German policemen, and there is no traffic.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
On Sunday, August 13th, 1961, the eyes of America were on the nation's capital -- where Roger Maris was hitting Home Runs No. 44 and 45 against the Senators. On that same day, without any warning, the East German Communists sealed off the border between East and West Berlin.

2 EXT. KURFUERSTENDAMM - DAY

A black, chauffeur-driven, Mercedes limousine, with West Berlin license plates and a small American flag on the fender, is moving through traffic. In the back seat is C. R. MacNAMARA.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
I only mention this to show the kind of people we're dealing with. Real shifty. Having been stationed in Berlin, and having dealt with them, I know what I'm talking about.

3 THE BRANDENBURG GATE - EARLY JUNE, 1961 - DAY

The Gate is open, and a few West Berlin policemen are casually waving through the cars headed for the East zone. A sign in f.g. warns: ACHTUNG! YOU ARE NOW LEAVING WEST BERLIN.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
Let's go back to last June. Considering the abnormal situation of a divided city, life in Berlin was more or less normal. Traffic flowed freely through the Brandenburg Gate --

4 THE EAST SIDE OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Automobiles, motorcycles and pedestrians are being stopped by East German border police, who examine identification papers, search brief cases, peer into the trunks of cars.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
-- and it wasn't really too much trouble to pass from one side of the Iron Curtain to the other. Some of the East German police were rude and suspicious -- others were suspicious and rude.

5 A RUBBLED THOROUGHFARE IN EAST BERLIN - DAY

A proletarian parade is in progress -- grim-faced marchers carrying inflammatory banners, placards, and blown-up photographs of Communist big-shots -- while singing the Internationale at the top of their lungs.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
The Eastern sector, under Communist domination, was still in rubble -- but the people went about their daily business -- parading.

Those inflammatory banners are now passing the camera. Among the sentiments expressed are:

NIKITA ÜBER ALLES!
NIE WIEDER U-2!
KENNEDY, NEIN! CASTRO, JA!
HEIL MAO TSE-TUNG!
AUF IN DEN COSMOS MIT YURI GAGARIN!
WAS IST LOS IN LITTLE ROCK?

Bringing up the rear are a group of schoolgirls, holding big clusters of balloons over their heads. Stamped on each of them is a friendly little hint: YANKEE GO HOME! The girls release the balloons. They float upward, and followed by the CAMERA, drift slowly toward West Berlin.

6 SKYLINE OF WEST BERLIN - DAY

It's an entirely different world. The CAMERA, continuing its move, PANS DOWN the Gedaechtniskirche, and past a series of ultra-modern office buildings, some just completed, others still under construction.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
These constant provocations failed to provoke the West Berliners. They were too busy rebuilding. The Western sector, under Allied protection, was peaceful, prosperous, and enjoyed all the blessings of democracy.

The CAMERA HAS STOPPED on an enormous billboard, featuring an attractive Nordic blonde sipping from a familiar bottle. The catchline reads:

MACH MAL PAUSE
Trink
COCA-COLA

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
Just by coincidence, this happens to be the company I work for.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

A modern three-story structure, with a bottling plant on the ground floor and offices above. Coca-Cola delivery trucks are rumbling down the driveway as the Mercedes limousine pulls up in front of the entrance. The chauffeur, in livery, and black boots, jumps out, flings the rear door open, then comes to attention, cap-in-hand. His name is FRITZ -- what else? Out of the car steps MacNamara, a brisk, incisive, high-octane type of American businessman abroad. He wears a Brooks Brothers suit and a Panama hat, carries a brief case and an umbrella. He was fifty last February, and he doesn't like it a bit.

MacNAMARA
(like a native - of Ohio)
Danke schön.

He starts across the sidewalk toward the entrance of the building. Fritz slams the car door shut, puts his cap on, rushes after MacNamara, just beats him to the big glass front doors. Stencilled on the glass is:

COCA-COLA
Niederlassung West Berlin

Fritz removes his cap, opens the door for MacNamara.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
Danke schön, Fritz.

He starts in, Fritz following.

8 INT. LOBBY - COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

As MacNamara crosses the lobby, Fritz again overtakes him, proceeds out of scene. MacNamara stops before a large glass window giving on the bottling plant. Seated on high stools along the assembly line are two dozen white-smocked employees, supervising the operation -- bottles being washed, inspected, filled with syrup, filled with water, capped, shaken, crated. MacNamara surveys the scene with satisfaction, then heads for the elevator.

Waiting at the elevator is Fritz, cap-in-hand, holding the door open for MacNamara.

MacNAMARA
(stepping inside)
Danke schön.

Fritz closes the elevator door, jams on his cap, scoots up the stairs like a scalded jackass.

9 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The elevator is coming up to the third floor (light effect). From the stairwell, we hear the sound of pounding boots. As the elevator stops, a panting Fritz reaches the landing, skids toward the elevator door, yanks it open, then snaps to attention, cap-in-hand. MacNamara steps out, throws Fritz a look.

MacNAMARA
Danke schön, already.

He moves past Fritz through the open doors of the outer office.

10 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

About twenty German employees, male and female, are working at their desks, busy with typewriters, adding machines and ledgers. As MacNamara crosses toward his private office, the employees jump to their feet in unison, stand at rigid attention.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Sitzen machen!

The employees resume their seats as MacNamara steps into his office. On the open door we read:

C. R. MacNAMARA
General Direktor

11 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

It is furnished in German modern, all plastic and chrome. On one wall is a map of the world, with hundreds of pins indicating the location of the far-flung Coca-Cola plants. Over the small, built-in bar is a cuckoo clock, which shows 10:05. On the desk are a couple of telephones, a silver-framed photograph of MacNamara's wife and two children, and a neat pile of morning mail.

MacNamara closes the door, tosses his hat, brief case and umbrella on the desk, picks up a copy of the Wall Street Journal and unfolds it.

MacNAMARA
(calling)
Schlemmer!

The door from an adjoining office opens, and in comes SCHLEMMER, about forty, bespectacled, servile. He is MacNamara's right-hand man.

SCHLEMMER
(like a native - of Stuttgart)
Good morning, Mr. MacNamara.

He clicks his heels briskly. They go off like a pistol shot.

MacNAMARA
(without looking up from his paper)
Schlemmer, how many times have I told you -- I don't want those people standing at attention every time I come into the office.

SCHLEMMER
I know. I have given strict orders.
(clicks his heels)

11 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
Can't they get it through their Prussian heads -- they're living in a democracy now.

SCHLEMMER
That is the trouble. In the old days, if I ordered them to sit, they would sit. Now, with a democracy, they do what they want -- and what they want is to stand.

MacNAMARA
Next. Any word yet from the Mayor's office?

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir. Negative.
(clicks his heels)
They absolutely will not permit us to install a Coke machine in the Reichstag.

MacNAMARA
Sometimes I wonder who won the war.... Next. Did you pick up those airline tickets for my wife and children?

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir. Positive.
(clicks heels, produces tickets from pocket)
Three seats on the six o'clock plane to Venice. They change in Frankfurt.

MacNAMARA
That reminds me -- call the Frankfurt plant and have them ship us another hundred thousand bottles. People keep smuggling Cokes into the Eastern sector, and not returning the empties.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.
(clicks his heels)

MacNAMARA
Next. I'm expecting the Russian Trade Commission at ten-thirty. When they get here, show them right in.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.
(clicks heels)

MacNAMARA
Next. Schlemmer, you're fired --

SCHLEMMER
Sir?

MacNAMARA
-- unless you stop clicking your heels around here.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.
(clicks his heels)
I'm sorry. I keep forgetting myself.

MacNAMARA
That old Gestapo training, huh?

SCHLEMMER
Please, Mr. MacNamara -- you mustn't say that. It is not true.

MacNAMARA
Just between us, Schlemmer -- what did you do during the war?

SCHLEMMER
I was in the Untergrund -- the underground.

MacNAMARA
Resistance fighter?

SCHLEMMER
No. Motorman. In the underground -- you know, the subway.

MacNAMARA
(a beat)
And of course you were anti-Nazi -- and you never liked Adolf --

SCHLEMMER
Adolf who? You see, down where I was, I didn't know what was going on up there. Nobody ever told me anything.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA
That'll be all, Schlemmer. Raus machen.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.

As he starts out, MacNamara presses a buzzer on his desk. From the doorway of his office, Schlemmer clicks his heels. MacNamara winces, presses the buzzer again.

12 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

At a desk just outside MacNamara's door sits his secretary, INGEBORG, typing and chewing gum. Responding to the buzzer she rises, undoes the top button of her blouse, starts toward MacNamara's office. She is in her late twenties, blonde, and a superb example of German precision-work -- built like a Porsche, with a pair of powerful headlights and a motor in the rear. Arriving at MacNamara's door, she suddenly realizes that she has forgotten her stenographic pad. Reaching back to the desk for it, she starts inside.

13 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg comes in, approaches the desk.

INGEBORG
Guten Morgen, Herr MacNamara.

MacNAMARA
And a guten Morgen to you, Fraulein Ingeborg.

INGEBORG
(correcting him)
It is not Fraulein -- it is Fräulein -- with an Umlaut.

MacNAMARA
(eyeing her)
I'll say.
(businesslike)
Monthly report. To - Wendell P. Hazeltine, home office, Atlanta, Georgia. From - C. R. MacNamara, Berlin branch.

(CONTINUED)

By this time Ingeborg has seated herself and pulled out a wooden leaf from the desk. She parks her gum under it, crosses her legs, starts taking shorthand.

MacNAMARA
Production figures for May, 270,000 cases. Consumption per capita now 5-point -2 percent above last year. Outselling Rhine wine 8-to-1, rapidly creeping up on draft beer. Next. Publicity campaign to reorient German businessmen's lunch succeeding. Twenty-seven percent now having Coke with their knackwurst. Next. Now here's a real hot flash.
(punching every word)
We may become the first American company to crack the Iron Curtain. I have started preliminary negotiations with a Russian representative, and it looks most promising. More later.
(swivels around toward Ingeborg)
Next. What did you do over the weekend?

INGEBORG
Nothing. I stayed home -- waiting for you.

MacNAMARA
I tried to make it, believe me -- I just couldn't get away.
(phone rings)
But there's good news tonight.
(picks up phone)
Yes? Mrs. MacNamara?

Ingeborg uncrosses her legs, pulls her skirt down a couple of inches.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Put her on.
(a beat)
Yes, Phyllis. What's the matter?

14 INT. BEDROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

It's a small villa, with somber Teutonic furniture. Right now, the MacNamara household is in the process of packing -- open suitcases and piles of clothes on the beds, general mishmash. BERTHA, the housekeeper, is helping CINDY, aged 8, while TOMMY, aged 10, stands by with a pair of roller skates in his hand, sulking. PHYLLIS MacNAMARA, a bright, attractive woman in her late thirties, is on the phone.

PHYLLIS
It's Tommy. We're having a little crisis here. Why don't you talk to him?
(holding out phone)
Tommy -- your father's on the phone.

TOMMY
(taking phone)
Hello, Dad -- nothing -- it's just that Mother's ganging up on me.

15 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
What do you mean by that? -- Well, I think your mother is absolutely right. It's silly to pack them. What are you going to do with roller skates in Venice? All the streets are under water.

16 INT. BEDROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

TOMMY
(into phone)
So what? I'm taking my aqualung and my snorkel --
(holding out phone to Phyllis)
Here -- your husband wants to talk to you.

Phyllis takes the phone, sighs, knowing what to expect.

PHYLLIS
(into phone)
Yes, Mac?

17 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Look, Phyllis, let him pack what he wants -- All right, so I'm spoiling him. Big deal!...Don't worry, the car will be there at five. Then you'll pick me up at the office and I'll take you to the airport.

18 INT. BEDROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

PHYLLIS
(into phone)
Yes, mein Führer....Bertha wants to know what you'd like for dinner tonight.

19 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Tell her not to bother. I've got a deskful of work.
(a glance at Ingeborg)
-- I'll just grab a quick bite somewhere. Bye, dear.
(hangs up; to Ingeborg)
Like I said -- good news.

INGEBORG
Your wife, she is taking a trip?

MacNAMARA
Is she ever. Going on vacation -- mit die Kinder.

INGEBORG
Ach so.

MacNAMARA
So tonight, we'll split a Schnitzel, and start on the German lessons again.

INGEBORG
We should. You must be getting rusty.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
We'll just have to work at it twice as hard from now on. Das ist gut?

INGEBORG
Das ist sehr gut.

MacNAMARA
First thing we're going to do is brush up on the Umlaut.

INGEBORG
Das ist wunderbar.

MacNAMARA
(comes up behind her, inhales her perfume)
Like all the lilacs in Lower Bavaria --

He looks up as the door of Schlemmer's office opens and Schlemmer sticks his head in.

SCHLEMMER
The Communist gentlemen are here.

MacNAMARA
Send them in.
(Schlemmer withdraws)
That's all, Fraulein Ingeborg. Put that on the teletype to Atlanta.

INGEBORG
Jawohl.

MacNAMARA
And take your gum.

INGEBORG
Jawohl.

She recovers her gum from under the desk-leaf. As she starts toward the outer office, the Communist gentlemen file in from Schlemmer's office. There are three of them - PERIPETCHIKOFF, BORODENKO and MISHKIN -- and they all carry brief cases and hats. Their clothes are not exactly Brooks Brothers -- they are more Brothers Karamazov. The eyes of the three comrades light up when they see Ingeborg, and they follow her bouncy walk like three hungry Siberian wolves.

MacNAMARA
(extending his hand)
Nice to see you again, Comrade Mishkin.

But neither Mishkin nor the other two pay any attention -- they're engrossed in Ingeborg's exit.

MacNAMARA
(snapping his fingers)
Hey, Mishkin.

MISHKIN
(coming to)
Ah, Mr. MacNamara. I would like to present Commissar Peripetchikoff, Chairman of our Trade Commission -- and Comrade Borodenko, from the Soft Drink Secretariat.

They both shake hands with MacNamara.

MacNAMARA
Sit down. Sit down, boys.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
We have no objection.

They seat themselves stiffly on the couch.

MacNAMARA
Cigarettes? Cigars?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(taking cigar out of breast pocket)
Here -- take one of these.

MacNAMARA
Thanks.
(examining cigar)
H'mmm -- made in Havana.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
We have trade agreement with Cuba. They send us cigars -- we send them rockets.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Good thinking.
(lighting cigar)
Now, I understand from Comrade Mishkin that you guys are very keen on getting Coca-Cola into Russia.

MISHKIN
(to Peripetchikoff)
He is totally wrong. I did not say we are keen. I said we are mildly interested.

MacNAMARA
Nevertheless. Comrade Mishkin suggested that we start with six bottling plants -- in Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad --
(cigar makes him cough)
You know something? You guys got cheated. This is a pretty crummy cigar.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Do not worry. We sent them pretty crummy rockets.

He nudges his two companions, who smile. MacNamara, who has now wandered over to the open door of the bathroom, tosses the cigar into the toilet off-scene, flushes it.

MacNAMARA
As I was saying -- six plants -- Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Kiev, Kharkov, and Minsk. Right?

MISHKIN
Totally wrong. I never mentioned Minsk -- I said Pinsk.

MacNAMARA
All right. Pinsk is in, Minsk is out. Next. Our contract will contain the usual provisions -- we supply the syrup, you do the bottling.

BORODENKO
Certainly not. We make our own syrup. You supply the formula.

19 CONTINUED: (4)

MacNAMARA
Forget it, gentlemen. That formula stays in our vaults. We give it to you, the next thing we know the Chinese Communists will have it.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
No formula -- no deal.

The three Russians get up simultaneously.

MacNAMARA
Okay -- no deal.

BORODENKO
We do not need you. If we want Coca-Cola, we invent it ourselves.

MacNAMARA
Oh, yeah? In 1956 you flew a bottle of Coke to a secret laboratory in Sverdlovsk. A dozen of your top chemists went nuts trying to analyze the ingredients. Right?

BORODENKO
No comment.

MacNAMARA
In 1958 you planted two undercover agents in our home office in Atlanta to steal the formula. And what happened? They both defected, and now they're successful businessmen in Florida -- packaging instant borscht. Right?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
No comment.

MacNAMARA
Last year, you put out some cockamamie imitation -- Kremlin-Kola. You tried it out in the satellite countries -- but even the Albanians wouldn't drink it. They used it for sheep-dip. Right?

MISHKIN
No comment.

MacNAMARA
So either get down to business, or get off the pot.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(ingratiatingly)
My dear American friend -- if we are to live together in peaceful co-existence, there must be a certain amount of give and take.

MacNAMARA
Oh, sure. We give -- and you take.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
What is the matter -- you do not trust us?

MacNAMARA
No comment.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
If you do not mind -- we have little conference.

MacNAMARA
Help yourself.

The three Russians put their heads together, go into a whispered exchange.

The cuckoo clock on the wall now shows exactly eleven. There is a whirring sound, the doors open, and out pops a carved figure of Uncle Sam, waving an American flag, to the tinkling tune of Yankee Doodle.

The Russians look up indignantly from their huddle.

MISHKIN
What is this?

MacNAMARA
My employees gave it to me -- on the tenth anniversary of the Berlin Airlift.

BORODENKO
Comrades -- are we going to stand here and listen to this cheap propaganda?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Relax, Boris. While they are putting Uncle Sam in cuckoo clocks, we will put Soviet cosmonaut on moon.

MacNAMARA
Okay, so you guys may be the first to shoot a man to the moon. But if he wants a Coke on the way, you'll have to come to us.

The Russians resume their huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
All right -- we agree in principle. You supply the syrup.

MacNAMARA
Next. The deal will be set up on a royalty basis.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Royalty? In Russia, we do not have royalty. Not since we liquidate the czar.

MacNAMARA
Nevertheless. You will pay us a percentage of the gross.

MISHKIN
Money?

MacNAMARA
Dollars.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Instead of dollars, you would accept three-week tour of Bolshoi Ballet?

MacNAMARA
Please, no culture. Just cash.

BORODENKO
(to his chums)
The Ugly American.

MacNAMARA
Next. Once the plants are up, we reserve the right of inspection.

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Of course. And we reserve the right of veto.

MacNAMARA
Our inspectors will be entitled to --

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(promptly)
We veto it!

MacNAMARA
I thought so!

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Forget details. You will draw up temporary agreement -- we will submit to Moscow.

MacNAMARA
And I'll have to consult with Atlanta, Georgia.

BORODENKO
When will papers be ready?

MacNAMARA
I'll put my secretary right to work on it.

MISHKIN
Your secretary -- she is that blonde lady?

MacNAMARA
That's the one.

Peripetchikoff calls the boys into another huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(that Siberian leer again)
You will send papers to East Berlin with blonde lady -- in triplicate?

MacNAMARA
You want the papers in triplicate -- or the blonde in triplicate?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
See what you can do. We are staying at Grand Hotel Potemkin.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (8)

MacNAMARA
Okay. Now how about a little vodka and Coke?

He crosses to the bar.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(consulting pocket watch)
No, thank you. We have emergency meeting with Swiss trade delegation. They send us twenty carloads of cheese. Totally unacceptable. Full of holes. Goodbye.

MacNAMARA
(ushering them out)
See you around the campus.

20 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As Peripetchikoff, Borodenko and Mishkin make their way down the aisle, they are brought up abruptly by the sight of Ingeborg, bending over a low filing cabinet, her hindquarters wagging rhythmically as she files some papers away.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(in Russian)
One thing you got to say for those capitalists. They sure know how to put together a woman. If we could only get ahold of those blueprints --
(in English)
-- ring-a-ding-ding!

21 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara looks after the Russians with amusement, shuts the door. As he moves back toward his desk, Schlemmer enters from the adjoining office, clicks his heels. MacNamara winces.

MacNAMARA
(without turning)
What is it, Schlemmer?

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER
It is the overseas operator. You are to stand by for a call from Atlanta, Georgia.

MacNAMARA
Atlanta?
(looks at watch)
They must have gotten my teletype. I bet they're all worked up about that Russian deal.

SCHLEMMER
It went good?

MacNAMARA
Good? Look at this, Schlemmer --

He picks up his umbrella, crosses to the wall map, points out the vast expanse of Russia, without a single Coca-Cola pin in it.

MacNAMARA
-- all virgin territory. Three hundred million thirsty comrades -- Volga boatmen and Cossacks, Ukrainians and Outer Mongolians -- panting for the pause that refreshes. You realize what it means if I can put this across?

SCHLEMMER
The stock, it will go up?

MacNAMARA
I'll go up. To the number one job -- head of all European operations -- headquarters in London.

SCHLEMMER
May I be the first to congratulate you.

MacNAMARA
I should've had that job five years ago. I was all set for it -- even bought myself an umbrella -- but I got loused up by Benny Goodman.

SCHLEMMER
Benny Goodman?

MacNAMARA
I was in charge of the whole Middle East -- nine countries -- fifteen bottling plants -- all facing Mecca. Well, Goodman and his band were coming through on a good will tour for the State Department. Thirty thousand people showed up for the concert -- but Benny didn't -- because his plane was delayed by a sandstorm. So the mob rioted and marched on the American Embassy -- so the police turned them back -- so they burned down the Coca-Cola plant.

(Schlemmer clucks his tongue sympathetically)

You know it. There was a big rhubarb at the home office, and suddenly I was in the doghouse -- exiled to South America. Schlepping the syrup over the Andes -- on llamas, yet -- while a bunch of crewcut kids were being promoted over my head.

SCHLEMMER
But you are in Berlin now -- this is not the doghouse.

MacNAMARA
Yeah. I used to have nine countries -- now I've got half a city -- and that may blow up any day. But, MacNamara rides again!

(the phone rings)

I'll be the white-haired boy now -- I'm going all the way!

(picks up phone)

Yes?

(to Schlemmer)

It's Atlanta.

(he waves him out; into phone)

Hello? Hello? Mr. Hazeltine?... Yes, I can hear you. I'm fine, Mr. Hazeltine. How are you?

22 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - ATLANTA - DAY

WENDELL P. HAZELTINE is a Southerner in his fifties, a dynamic no-nonsense type, and a big wheel in the parent company. On the huge desk in front of him are a box of Kleenex and a teletype message.

HAZELTINE
(into phone)
Well, if you must know, I'm miserable. Those damn magnolias are in bloom again, and so is my hay fever.
(wipes his nose with Kleenex)
MacNamara, there's something important I'd like to discuss with you.

23 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
(great expectations)
I thought you would, Mr. Hazeltine. You got my teletype?

24 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
It's right here in front of me. Those figures for May are not bad. Not bad at all.

25 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
Thank you, sir. And how about the Russian deal? Napoleon blew it, Hitler blew it, but Coca-Cola is going to pull it off.

26 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Forget it, MacNamara. Forget it. We're not interested in doing business behind the Iron Curtain.

27 MacN..MARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
I'm sorry, Mr. Hazeltine -- I can't hear you very well. We're not interested in the Russian market?

28 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
I wouldn't touch the Russians with a ten-foot pole. And I don't want anything to do with the Poles, either.

29 MacN..MARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
But this could be the biggest thing for the company since we introduced the six-pack.... Well, if it's against front-office policy --

30 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
You're damn right. But that's not what I called you about. Look, MacNamara, I'd like you to do me a big personal favor.

31 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
(drily)
Yes, Mr. Hazeltine. You want me to ship Mrs. Hazeltine another set of Meissen china?

32 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
No, it's about our daughter Scarlett. She's seventeen now -- sweet girl -- fell in love with some damn rock and roll singer -- no, that was the one before -- this is some pimple-faced basketball player -- anyway, we sent her off on a little trip to Europe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

HAZELTINE (CONT'D)
(picks up Kleenex, wipes his nose)
Where was I?

33 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
(dully)
Daughter Scarlett -- pimple-faced basketball player -- sent her to Europe.

34 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Oh, yes. We had her spend a couple of weeks with our representative in Rome -- and a couple of weeks with our man in Paris -- and she's arriving in Berlin this afternoon. So I'd appreciate it if you and Mrs. MacNamara could --

35 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
Oh, we'd be delighted to have her stay with us. It's just that my family has made some plans -- and I have a few plans of my own --

36 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Well, if it's any sort of imposition, never mind. I'm sorry I called you.

37 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
Actually, I wasn't thinking of myself -- it's your daughter I'm concerned about. With the political situation in Berlin the way it is, anything can happen any time.

38 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Exactly. That's why I want you to take especially good care of her. She's just a child, really, and I don't like her to stay in a hotel alone at a time like this... She's flying Pan Am -- the plane is due in Berlin at 4:30 --
(wiping his nose)
-- unless those damn Commies shoot it down.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT - DAY

A Pan-American plane swoops low over the rooftops, makes a graceful landing, and taxies toward the terminal.

Out of the terminal building comes Fritz, the chauffeur. He steps back, cap-in-hand, holding the door open for MacNamara and Phyllis, who is carrying a bouquet of chrysanthemums. As they start down the stairs, an announcement comes over the public address system.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Pan-American gibt die Ankunft des Clippers 712 aus Paris bekannt.

Reaching the foot of the stairs, Phyllis thrusts the bouquet into MacNamara's hands.

PHYLLIS
Here -- you give her the flowers.

MacNAMARA
Now cut it out, Phyllis. What was I gonna do -- the boss asked me to look after his only daughter -- I can't disappoint him.

PHYLLIS
What about your only children? And your only wife? We were all packed and ready to go -- don't you think we're disappointed?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
Believe me, Phyllis, everybody's disappointed. We'll just have to put things off for a couple of weeks -- the roller skates, and the snorkel, and the Umlaut --

PHYLLIS
The what?

MacNamara takes Phyllis by the arm and leads her toward the plane, from which passengers have started disembarking.

MacNAMARA
Right now, the important thing is to make sure that the girl has a good time - so when she goes home, all she'll talk about is Our Man In Berlin.

PHYLLIS
It's such a nuisance. Tommy will have to move into Cindy's room, Bertha will have to learn how to cook Sauerbraten Southern style --

MacNAMARA
Come on, Phyllis -- make an effort!

PHYLLIS
Yes, mein Führer.

They have now arrived at the ramp, and are scanning the last of the passengers debarking from the plane. There is nobody even vaguely resembling their visitor from Atlanta. MacNamara goes up to the French stewardess stationed at the foot of the ramp.

MacNAMARA
Pardon me -- is this the plane from Paris?

STEWARDESS
Oui, monsieur.

MacNAMARA
Isn't there a Miss Hazeltine among the passengers?

(CONTINUED)

STEWARDESS
There was a Miss Hazeltine among the passengers. But we have lost her.

MacNAMARA
You lost her?

STEWARDESS
She has joined the crew.

From off there is the sound of girlish laughter. They look up.

Down the ramp comes a luscious girl of seventeen, convoyed by the French pilot, co-pilot and navigator of the plane. She is wearing bluejeans and a mink coat, and over her arm she carries a second mink coat of a different shade.

PHYLLIS
(to MacNamara)
Scarlett Hazeltine, if I ever saw one.

MacNamara throws her a look, goes forward to meet SCARLETT, who with her grinning companions has now reached the foot of the ramp.

MacNAMARA
Miss Hazeltine? I'm MacNamara -- this is Mrs. MacNamara.
(handing her flowers)
Welcome to Berlin.

SCARLETT
Hi, there.

PHYLLIS
How was the flight?

SCARLETT
Just marvy. The boys let me buzz Düsseldorf.
(to MacNamara)
May I have your hat?

She takes his hat, holds it out to the three crew members.

SCARLETT
Okay, fans. Drop 'em in.

Each of the Frenchmen drops a folded piece of paper into the hat. Scarlett shakes the hat, then holds it out to Phyllis.

SCARLETT
Pick one, will you, please?

PHYLLIS
I'm game.

She takes one of the folded pieces of paper out of the hat.

SCARLETT
What does it say?

PHYLLIS
(unfolds paper, reads)
It says - Pierre.

One of the Frenchmen lets out a yell.

PIERRE
That's me!
(to Scarlett)
Where do I come to pick you up?

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara)
What's our address?

MacNAMARA
Why?

SCARLETT
Well, we just had this lottery -- and Pierre won me.

PHYLLIS
Lucky Pierre.

SCARLETT
He's the navigator.

MacNAMARA
That so?
(to Pierre)
Well, you better change your course, Lucky -- you're way off the beam.
(taking Scarlett's arm)
This way, Miss Hazeltine.

SCARLETT
Now just a darn minute --

MacNAMARA
(to the crew)
So long, fans.

PIERRE
But this is not fair.
(to Phyllis)
Madame, I appeal to you -- as a woman --

PHYLLIS
As a matter of fact, you do. Au revoir.

She catches up with MacNamara, who is leading Scarlett toward the terminal.

SCARLETT
So you're going to be like that.

MacNAMARA
Like what?

SCARLETT
A company man. Like those old poops in Rome and Paris -- breathing down my neck every minute -- cramping my style.

MacNAMARA
Look, Miss Hazeltine -- you're under-age -- and I'm under orders.

SCARLETT
Europe -- what a drag! I've done the Colosseum bit and the Mona Lisa bit -- but they never take me to any of those marvy places -- like the Lido and the Crazy Horse and Le Sexy --

MacNAMARA
I promise you -- you'll have a wonderful time in Berlin.

SCARLETT
That's why I came. I hear this is a real swinging town.

PHYLLIS
Where did you hear that?

SCARLETT
Don't you ever read the headlines? Everybody says Berlin is the hottest spot in the world right now.

PHYLLIS
(takes chrysanthemum from bouquet, holds it up to Scarlett)
Would you care to make a short statement for the American Forces Network?

MacNAMARA
(a dirty look)
Phyllis -- please.

PHYLLIS
(into chrysanthemum)
We're a little late, folks -- so goodnight.

They have now reached the foot of the stairs, where Fritz is waiting.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
This your ticket?
(pulls it out of Scarlett's handbag, gives it to Fritz)
Here, Fritz. Mit the luggage machen.

Fritz heads up the stairs.

PHYLLIS
(to MacNamara)
You better send a cable to Tara and tell them that Scarlett has checked in.

SCARLETT
Don't bother. Let 'em worry. I didn't volunteer for this trip. They deported me, just to bust it up between me and Choo-Choo.

39 CONTINUED: (6)

MacNAMARA
Who is Choo-Choo?

SCARLETT
Choo-Choo Babcock. I met him in a telephone booth. Forty-three of us piled inside it -- you know, to break the record -- and Choo-Choo and I were on the bottom -- and by the time we got out, we were engaged.

PHYLLIS
That's a record, all right.

SCARLETT
But Daddy didn't approve -- because Choo-Choo's folks are from the wrong side of the tracks -- and let's face it, my Daddy is an S.N.O.B.

MacNAMARA
A what?

SCARLETT
A snob.

MacNAMARA
Oh.

PHYLLIS
Seventeen -- isn't that a little young to be engaged?

SCARLETT
Oh, I've been engaged four times. All the women in our family are sort of hot-blooded.

She starts up the stairs toward the terminal. MacNamara and Phyllis look at each other.

MacNAMARA
What have we got here?

PHYLLIS
Whatever it is, it's all ours for the next two weeks. Isn't that marvy?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

40 COCA-COLA ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

CAMERA IS TILTED so that the bottles are shuttling diagonally across the screen at a rapid clip.

41 INT. SCHLEMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Schlemmer is marking a large sales graph on the wall for the months of June and July. Business is evidently good, because the graph line is going up sharply, at the same angle as the bottles in the preceding shot.

42 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara, with the usual brief case and umbrella, but now wearing a black Homburg, strides in briskly from the elevator. Like a shot, the twenty employees are on their feet and at attention.

MacNAMARA
(calling)
Schlemmer!

Schlemmer comes dashing out of his office.

SCHLEMMER
(to the employees, exasperated)
Nein, nein! Nicht aufstehen!

He waves them down, and they sit.

SCHLEMMER
(to MacNamara)
I'm sorry. I'll keep them here after hours, practicing --

MacNAMARA
Never mind that. Look -- my chauffeur didn't show up this morning.

SCHLEMMER
Fritz? I will find out what happened to him.

MacNAMARA
I don't care what happened to him. Find out what happened to my car.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER
Jawohl.
(he clicks his heels;
MacNamara winces)
I'm sorry. While they are practicing not standing, I will practice not clicking my heels.

MacNamara proceeds into his office.

43 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg is bending over the desk, sorting mail, as MacNamara comes in.

MacNAMARA
Guten Morgen, Fraulein Ingeborg.

INGEBORG
(without turning)
Guten Morgen.

MacNamara, getting rid of his hat, umbrella and brief case, comes up behind her, inhales her perfume.

MacNAMARA
M'mmm. Like freshly-baked pumpernickel.

INGEBORG
(icily)
Here is your mail -- here is your Wall Street Journal --
(handing him an envelope)
-- and here is my resignation.

MacNAMARA
Resignation? What are you talking about?

INGEBORG
You do not work me overtime any more, you do not take advantage of me on weekends, you have lost all interest in the Umlaut -- so obviously, my services are no longer required here.

MacNAMARA
You know my problem. We have this house-guest --

INGEBORG
You said she would be in Berlin two weeks --

MacNAMARA
Can I help it if she caught the German measles?

INGEBORG
She has been here now two months.

MacNAMARA
She likes it here. It's a damned nuisance -- but what am I going to do -- throw her out?

INGEBORG
Doesn't she have to go home? It's August -- won't school soon open?

MacNAMARA
In Georgia? You never know.
(waving letter of resignation)
Now what's all this nonsense about quitting?

INGEBORG
I have had offers for many jobs. After all, I am bilingual.

MacNAMARA
Don't I know it.

INGEBORG
Remember that Russian trade commission? They keep calling me all the time -- they want me very badly.

MacNAMARA
I'll bet. Those Siberian wolves.

INGEBORG
So you better find yourself another girl.

MacNAMARA
All right -- dictation.

(Ingeborg picks up a pad and pencil from the desk, seats herself)

Classified ad -- to run in all Berlin papers. Quote: Attractive, middle-aged executive wants attractive young secretary. Must be versatile and cooperative. Excellent salary, congenial working conditions, fringe benefits --

INGEBORG
(stops writing, looks up)
Fringe benefits -- what is that?

MacNAMARA
Little extras. Like for instance -- this morning I was passing that fancy shop on the Kurfeuerstendamm, and there was this white organdie dress in the window, with polka dots all over -- and a matching hat --

INGEBORG
-- and a bag -- and matching shoes?

MacNAMARA
Why not?

INGEBORG
(crosses out dictation)
I take the job.

MacNAMARA
You got it.

He tears up the letter of resignation, as Ingeborg gets up.

INGEBORG
Danke schön.

MacNAMARA
You're welcome schön.

(Ingeborg puts her arms around him)

Please -- not while you're chewing gum.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

Ingeborg removes the gum from her mouth, is about to kiss him, when the door of the adjoining office opens, and Schlemmer comes in.

MacNAMARA
That'll be all, Fraulein. More later.

INGEBORG
Anytime.
(she starts out)

MacNAMARA
Yes, Schlemmer?

SCHLEMMER
I called the garage -- I called his wife -- no Fritz.

MacNAMARA
I can see this is going to be one of those days. You better call the police.

SCHLEMMER
I already did. Gave them a complete description of the car -- model, license number, engine number --

MacNAMARA
You're a good man, Schlemmer.

SCHLEMMER
Thank you, sir.

MacNAMARA
Schlemmer, how much are we paying you?

SCHLEMMER
Two hundred marks a week.

MacNAMARA
Let's see -- that would be about fifty dollars?

SCHLEMMER
That's all.

MacNAMARA
That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.

As he turns to exit, the phone rings. MacNamara picks it up.

MacNAMARA
Hello? Yes? ...Atlanta, Georgia? Put it through.
(seats himself behind desk)

44 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - ATLANTA - DAY

Hazeltine is on the phone. On his desk is a half-packed attache case.

HAZELTINE
MacNamara, what's going on there in Berlin?
(picks up letter from desk)
I have a letter here from Scarlett -- says she's been going to operas, concerts, museums -- that doesn't sound like my little girl.

45 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
Oh, you're going to be surprised, Mr. Hazeltine -- she's a different person now. I don't mind telling you we were a little worried when she first arrived -- but she turned out just fine.

46 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Well, I'll be damned. Anyway, you'll be relieved to know that Mrs. Hazeltine and I are leaving for Europe today, and we're going to take Scarlett off your hands.

47 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
We'll be sorry to lose her...No -- it was no bother at all. Two weeks -- two months -- what's the difference?

48 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE
Well, I want you to know we're mighty grateful to you, MacNamara. Actually, the reason I'm making this trip -- there's going to be a shift in personnel -- we're naming a new head of European operations -- and you won't be forgotten, Mac.

49 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
The London job?
(perking up)
Well, I don't know what to say. I never expected anything like that.
(picks his umbrella up from the desk, starts to twirl it)
Just to be considered for the job is a great honor. Of course, I have been with the company for fifteen years -- and I know the European market like the inside of my pocket --

The door from the adjoining office has opened, and Schlemmer comes hurrying up to the desk.

SCHLEMMER
It's your wife -- on the other phone -- she must talk to you.

MacNAMARA
(hand on mouthpiece)
Not now. I'm on long distance.

SCHLEMMER
I told her that -- but she insists.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Would you hold on for a minute, Mr. Hazeltine? There's a little emergency in the accounting department --
(picks up other phone; angrily)
What is it, Phyllis? What's so important?

50 INT. LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

Phyllis is on the phone. Behind her Bertha, the housekeeper, is crying and wringing her hands.

PHYLLIS
(sweetly)
Well, if you put it that way, nothing really. I just thought you might be interested in what's going on around the house, mein Führer.

51 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
You out of your mind? I'm talking to Mr. Hazeltine -- about the London job -- and you want to chit-chat?

52 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS
I'm sorry. It's just that Miss Hazeltine is missing. But we can discuss it some other time. Bye.
(starts to hang up)

53 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
Missing?
(on his feet)
Wait a minute, Phyllis -- Phyllis. What do you mean, she's missing?

54 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS
Bertha took her breakfast up, and she's not there -- her bed hasn't been slept in.

55 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA
That's ridiculous. We got back from the movie around eleven and Scarlett went right upstairs. What could have happened to her?

56 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS
Who knows? Gone with the wind. Maybe she ran away -- maybe she was kidnapped by a white slave ring --

57 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Oh, swell! Hold on, will you?
(covers mouthpiece)

SCHLEMMER
Trouble?

MacNAMARA
I wish I were in hell with my back broken.
(into first phone; brightly)
Sorry, Mr. Hazeltine -- they come running to me with all their little problems. Now about your trip -- what boat are you sailing on?

58 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

HAZELTINE
(into phone)
Boat? Who's got time for that? Mrs. Hazeltine and I are flying to New York this afternoon -- taking the overnight jet to London -- there's a connecting flight to Berlin -- and we'll be there at noon tomorrow.

59 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Noon tomorrow? You mean, our time? ...Oh, of course, I'll tell Scarlett -- first chance I get. Yes, sir, we'll see you at the airport.
(nervous little laugh)
-- unless those damn Commies shoot the plane down. Auf wiedersehen.
(hangs up; into other phone)
For God's sake, Phyllis, we've got to find that idiot -- her parents are arriving tomorrow ... Well, where could she be? She doesn't know anybody in Berlin -- except us.

As he continues speaking into the phone, the door from the outer office opens and Fritz, the chauffeur, enters. Schlemmer strides toward him, and they start a whispered argument in German.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Have Bertha look again -- maybe she left a note. What about her luggage? ... Well, I'm glad to hear something is still there...No, I'm not blaming you -- it's just that lousy MacNamara luck. First I lost a bottling plant -- now I lose the boss's daughter.

He slams the phone down.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

SCHLEMMER
(turning to him)
I think we're getting some place. We found Fritz.

MacNAMARA
Fritz? To hell with Fritz! It's the girl we're looking for now.

SCHLEMMER
Precisely. He has some information --

MacNAMARA
(descending on Fritz)
Where is she?

FRITZ
I do not know -- not precisely -- but last night I dropped her at the Brandenburg Gate.

MacNAMARA
The Brandenburg Gate? Why?

FRITZ
Because that is where I drop her <u>every</u> night -- and that is where I pick her up every morning.

MacNAMARA
How long has this been going on?

FRITZ
Since last month. Usually, I get her back to the house before you wake up -- but this morning, I wait for her -- and I wait --

MacNAMARA
You mean you've been helping her sneak out behind my back --?

FRITZ
Yes, sir. But I have a very good excuse.

MacNAMARA
What?

FRITZ
She pays me a hundred marks a night -- fifty for driving her, fifty for not telling you.

SCHLEMMER
(to MacNamara)
Do I have your permission to fire him?

MacNAMARA
Not yet.
(to Fritz)
Now let's go step by step. After you drop her at the Brandenburg Gate, what does she do?

FRITZ
She crosses the border into East Berlin.

MacNAMARA
East Berlin?

FRITZ
That is why I am so worried. Because this morning she did not come back.

MacNAMARA
You're worried?
(strides to phone)
I'm going down in flames, and he's worried.
(picks up phone)
Ingeborg? Clear the switchboard. I want Brigadier-General Hartel, commanding officer of the American sector. Next. Get me Mayor Willy Brandt. Next. Get me the Police Commissioner of West Berlin. Next. I want to speak to the U. S. Ambassador in Bonn. Got that? Okay.
(hangs up)
Fritz, you wait downstairs -- I may need you later.
(as Fritz exits)
Schlemmer -- how can we find out what happened to her? Can we get any information from East Berlin?

SCHLEMMER
Only through official channels -- in triplicate.

MacNAMARA
What if we just picked up the phone and called the authorities over there?

SCHLEMMER
It is not that easy.

MacNAMARA
Why not?

SCHLEMMER
There is no direct phone service to East Berlin. You have to call Stockholm -- from there it goes through Warsaw -- to Leipzig -- then to East Berlin -- and then, nine times out of ten, you get the wrong number.

MacNAMARA
Try it anyway.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.

As he turns to go, there is a whirring sound from the cuckoo clock. It is exactly eleven, and out pops Uncle Sam, waving his flag to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Schlemmer snaps to attention, clicking his heels.

MacNAMARA
Schnell machen!

Schlemmer scoots into his office. The phone rings, and MacNamara grabs it off the hook.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Yes? General Hartel is out on army maneuvers? Well, what about Mayor Willy Brandt? ...Oh, he's watching the maneuvers. And the Police Commissioner? ...I see. He's watching Willy Brandt. So who's minding the store?...What about the call to Bonn? Our Ambassador is back in Washington for consultation?...

The door from the outer office opens, and Scarlett, in a light summer dress and no hat, enters.

MacNAMARA
(glancing up)
Come in -- come in. I'll be right with you.
(into phone)
Get me Washington -- the State Department -- whoever answers -- Dean Rusk, Dean Acheson, Dean Anybody -- and if you have no luck there, get me Senator Talmadge of Georgia --
(Scarlett crosses to the desk)
-- and if he's not in, try Huntley and Brinkley at NBC...
(reacts suddenly to her presence)
Scarlett!
(he bangs the receiver down)

SCARLETT
What's all the excitement?

MacNAMARA
Oh, nothing. You just scared the hell out of us. Are you all right?

SCARLETT
I'm just marvy.

MacNAMARA
What were you doing in East Berlin?

SCARLETT
You mean-- last night?

MacNAMARA
I mean all those nights.

SCARLETT
You see -- there's this boy over there -- WOW!

MacNAMARA
What boy? What have you been up to?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT
Well, I met him about six weeks ago -- I went into East Berlin, and there was this parade -- and they wanted to arrest me --

MacNAMARA
Arrest you?

SCARLETT
-- because I was taking pictures. And then this boy -- he was in the parade -- he said to the policemen I shouldn't be arrested I should be pitied. Because I was a typical bourgeois parasite, and the rotten fruit of a corrupt civilization. So naturally I fell in love with him.

MacNAMARA
Naturally.

SCARLETT
Want to see his picture?

MacNAMARA
Not particularly.

Scarlett takes a snapshot out of her bag, hands it to MacNamara.

SCARLETT
Now I want your honest opinion. Isn't he beautiful?

The snapshot shows a young man in the forefront of a group of marchers. The upper part of his body cannot be seen, because he is carrying a placard with a blown-up face of Khrushchev on it.

MacNAMARA
You fell in love with Khrushchev?

SCARLETT
No, silly. The one that's carrying Khrushchev. His name is Otto.

Schlemmer comes hurrying in from his office.

SCHLEMMER
I finally got East Berlin on the phone -- and just like I told you -- wrong number.

59 CONTINUED: (6)

He stops abruptly as he notices Scarlett.

SCARLETT
Hi, there.

MacNAMARA
(returning snapshot to her)
Now -- you and this Otto -- exactly what do you do when you're together?

SCARLETT
Oh, all kinds of goodies. I wash his shirts, and he broadens my mind -- and if it's a warm night, we go lie on the roof and watch the Sputniks go by.

MacNAMARA
Is that all?

SCARLETT
Well, last night, we were blowing up balloons --

MacNAMARA
Balloons?

SCARLETT
You know --

She takes a balloon out of her handbag, starts blowing it up.

SCHLEMMER
(to MacNamara)
It is a Communist device. When the wind is right they float them over to undermine our morale --

By this time Scarlett has inflated the balloon enough so that MacNamara can read the lettering on it.

MacNAMARA
(grabbing balloon)
Yankee Go Home?!

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT
They come in all colors -- green and yellow and blue --

MacNAMARA
You've been helping this guy spread anti-American propaganda?

SCARLETT
It's not anti-American -- it's anti-Yankee. And where I come from, everybody's against the Yankees.

SCHLEMMER
I have a good mind to change this to Russki Go Home, and when the wind blows the other way...

MacNAMARA
Okay, okay.
(shoves balloon at Schlemmer, who exits)
Now you listen to me, Scarlett Hazeltine -- there's going to be no more of this foolishness. Because tomorrow, your parents are coming to take you home.

SCARLETT
(frowning)
They are?

The phone rings, and MacNamara picks it up.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Who?...Chet Huntley? All right, I'll speak to him...Hello, Mr. Huntley? Just wanted to tell you I've been watching your program. Keep up the good work. Bye.
(bangs receiver down: to Scarlett)
Now when your parents arrive, I want you to keep your mouth shut -- for your sake and mine -- because if they ever find out what's been going on --

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (8)

SCARLETT
(lost in thought)
I better talk this over with Otto.

MacNAMARA
No, you don't. You're not going to see him again -- you're not going back to East Berlin --

SCARLETT
Oh, he's right downstairs.
(crosses to window, leans out)
Otto!

60 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

Parked in front of the entrance is a decrepit motorcycle with a sidecar and East Berlin license plates. Leaning against it, eating sausage and bread, is a young man in his early twenties, wearing baggy corduroy pants, sandals but no socks, a worn sweater and a cap. It couldn't be anybody but OTTO.

MacNamara joins Scarlett at the window of his office.

SCARLETT
Otto, darling!

Otto looks up. He is quite handsome, in a lean and hungry way.

SCARLETT'S VOICE
Up here.

Otto locates her, smiles, waves.

At the window, MacNamara is peering over Scarlett's shoulder.

SCARLETT
Come on up, Liebchen.

In the street, Otto jams his hands in his pockets, crosses defiantly toward the entrance of the Coca-Cola building.

61 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE -DAY

MacNAMARA
(disgusted)
Liebchen?
(turning from the window)
I don't want that creep in my office. Why don't you send him home to clean out his cage?

SCARLETT
I think he'd better be here, because we have something to tell you.

MacNAMARA
Tell me what?
(a horrible suspicion)
You're not engaged again, are you?

SCARLETT
No, not this time.

MacNAMARA
Thank God.

SCARLETT
We're married.

MacNAMARA
For a minute there, I was afraid... You're married?!

SCARLETT
Uh-huh. It'll be six weeks on Monday.

MacNAMARA
(on the verge of apoplexy)
You married a Communist?!

SCARLETT
He's not a Communist -- he's a Republican. Comes from the Republic of East Germany.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
(apoplexy has set in)
Why you dumb, stupid little pot. You realize what you've done? You've ruined me, that's all. What are your parents going to say? They trusted me -- and I trusted you -- then you go and pull an idiotic stunt like this --

SCARLETT
Why didn't you look after me better?

MacNAMARA
Fifteen years with the company down the drain! I'll be blacklisted. My kids'll starve. My wife'll be selling pencils. And all on account of you and your hot blood.

The door from the outside office opens, and there stands Otto, cap still on his head.

SCARLETT
Come in -- come in, Otto. This is Mr. MacNamara -- my husband, Otto Ludwig Piffl.

MacNAMARA
Piffl? Wouldn't you know.
(looks him over with distaste)
Where did you dig him up? He doesn't even wear socks.

SCARLETT
He doesn't wear shorts either. Isn't that exciting?
(she kisses Otto)

MacNAMARA
(to Otto)
Take your cap off!

OTTO
(truculently)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Because I said so.

OTTO
In Lenin's tomb, I take my cap off. When Van Cliburn plays Tschaikowsky, I take my cap off. But in Coca-Cola office -- pfui!

SCARLETT
Do it for me, Otto darling.

OTTO
For you, I do it.

He removes his cap, revealing a shock of unkempt hair.

MacNAMARA
He could use a haircut -- and I'd like to give it to him myself -- with a hammer and sickle.

OTTO
Warmonger.

MacNAMARA
Shut up, you punk.

SCARLETT
Don't you talk like that to my husband.

MacNAMARA
He's not your husband.
(to Otto)
In the first place, she's under age. Next, we don't recognize the government of East Germany. Next, she admits that while she was washing your shirts, you were washing her brain. So the whole thing is illegal.

SCARLETT
No it's not. I have a certificate. And tell him about the wedding rings.

She extends her right hand to show a plain metal band on her third finger. Otto extends his hand to show a matching band.

OTTO
Forged from the steel of a brave cannon that fought at Stalingrad.

MacNAMARA
I don't care who your jeweler is, the marriage is illegal.

OTTO
You say. But in the eyes of the People's Republic of East Germany we are husband and wife.

MacNAMARA
You're not in East Germany now -- you're in West Berlin. And I can have you arrested for lying on rooftops with a minor.

OTTO
Of course you can. I know your tactics. You can have me arrested -- you can have me tortured -- you can have me shot. Like you've been doing in the Congo.

SCARLETT
Africa for the Africans!

MacNAMARA
All I want from you, Scarlett Piffl, is silence -- and damn little of that.

OTTO
Don't you talk like that to my wife.

The phone rings, and MacNamara grabs the receiver.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Who?...Brinkley? Tell him I already gave the message to Huntley.
(hangs up; to Otto, trying new approach)
Look, Otto-baby, if we're to live together in peaceful co-existence, there must be a certain amount of give and take. How would you like a thousand marks?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (4)

OTTO
For what?

MacNAMARA
Just get on your motorcycle, go back where you came from, and forget about the whole thing.

SCARLETT
You can't bribe him.

MacNAMARA
Two thousand?

OTTO
How about five thousand?

SCARLETT
(stunned)
Otto! What are you saying?

MacNAMARA
Okay -- five thousand marks.

OTTO
If it's worth five thousand -- why not fifty thousand?

MacNAMARA
Fifty thousand? You crazy?

OTTO
(to Scarlett)
I just want to see how far they will go to break up a happy socialist marriage.
(to MacNamara)
I spit on your money. I spit on Fort Knox. I spit on Wall Street.

MacNAMARA
Unsanitary little jerk, isn't he?

OTTO
You and your kind are doomed. We will take over West Berlin -- we will take over Western Europe -- we will bury you.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (5)

MacNAMARA
Do me a favor, will you? Bury us -- but don't marry us.

OTTO
(a sweeping gesture across the swank office)
Look at all this waste. Capitalism is like a dead herring in the moonlight. It shines but it stinks.

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara, proudly)
He talks like that all the time.
(to Otto)
Tell him about Coca-Cola colonialism.

MacNAMARA
What?!

OTTO
As Chairman Khrushchev said on the fortieth anniversary of the revolution --

MacNAMARA
To hell with the revolution -- and to hell with Khrushchev!

OTTO
(drawing himself up to his full height)
To hell with Frank Sinatra!

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
Oh, it's going to be a real clambake when your folks get here tomorrow. How are we going to explain this?
(points to Otto)

SCARLETT
(unconcerned)
That's your problem. Because I won't be here.

MacNAMARA
What do you mean, you won't be here?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO
Tonight, my wife and I are leaving for Moscow.

MacNAMARA
Moscow?

SCARLETT
That's what I came to tell you. He's got a scholarship to the People's Technological Institute. He's studying to be a missile engineer.

OTTO
Soviet missiles -- voom --
(he pantomimes a rocket shooting into space)
-- Venus! American missiles -- phfft, phffft --
(pantomimes a rocket taking off, and dropping down immediately)
-- Miami Beach!

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara)
So you just tell Daddy I'm on my way to the U.S.S.R. -- that's short for Russia.

MacNAMARA
Are you out of your seventeen-year old mind? Russia is to get out of -- not to get into.

SCARLETT
Where Otto goes, I go.

OTTO
(to MacNamara, belligerently)
You just try to stop us.

Schlemmer pops in from his office.

SCHLEMMER
(to MacNamara)
Can you talk to your wife?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (7)

MacNAMARA
Well, I certainly can't talk to them.
(indicates Scarlett and Otto)

SCHLEMMER
On this phone.

MacNAMARA
(picks up phone)
Hello? Yes, dear?

62 INT. LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

PHYLLIS
(into phone)
Mac, hold everything -- I bet I know what happened to Scarlett. Lucky Pierre must be back in town.

63 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
It's not Lucky Pierre -- it's Crazy Otto. Are you ready for this? She's married! ...That's right. She got herself an ever-lovin', curly-haired, card-carrying husband.

64 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS
She married a Communist?....This is going to be the biggest thing to hit Atlanta since General Sherman threw that little barbecue...No, I don't think it's funny -- they're going to live in Moscow? -- now that's funny.

65 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Yeah. Hysterical.
(a sidelong glance at Scarlett and Otto)
Well, what can I do? Go fight the Kremlin? I can't stop them. They're young, they're in love, and we're a dead herring in the moonlight. So who am I to stand in the way of a happy Socialist marriage?

66 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS
Oh, come off it, Mac. I know you. You've got something up your sleeve.

67 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
I wouldn't be surprised. Bye.
(hangs up, turns to Scarlett)
Now -- what time are you kids leaving?

SCARLETT
Seven o'clock. On the Moscow Express.

OTTO
(on guard)
Why do you want to know?

MacNAMARA
Because I'm going to dynamite the train. What makes you guys so suspicious?

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
I'd better get back to the house and start packing. You think I ought to take both my mink coats?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO
Darling, no woman should have two mink coats until every woman in the world has one mink coat.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
Why don't you cut the other one up and make him a pair of shorts? I hear it's freezing there all the time.

SCHLEMMER
Thirty below zero.

OTTO
Fascist lies!

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
You better go home and pack, too, darling.

OTTO
It will take me no time. Just my chessboard, my extra shirt, and two hundred books.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
Well, as long as Smiley here is going back to East Berlin, I'll get the car for you.
(takes Schlemmer's arm, leads him toward door)
Schlemmer, will you run downstairs and tell Fritz he'll have to take Scarlett home --

SCHLEMMER
(whispering)
You are letting her go to Moscow?

MacNAMARA
(likewise)
In a pig's eye. Now look -- his motorcycle is downstairs -- remember that idea you had about the balloon -- ?

(CONTINUED)

They exit into Schlemmer's office. Left alone, Scarlett and Otto go into each other's arms.

OTTO
Just think, Liebchen -- tomorrow night we'll be strolling hand-in-hand across Red Square.

SCARLETT
I hope you won't be ashamed of me in front of your friends.

OTTO
Of course not.

SCARLETT
I promise you -- I'll only wear my jewelry at home.

OTTO
They have assigned us a magnificent apartment -- just a short walk from the bathroom.

SCARLETT
I love you.

OTTO
I'll make you very happy. Every morning, we'll have breakfast in bed.

SCARLETT
Sounds wonderful.

OTTO
Also lunch -- also dinner --

SCARLETT
In bed?

OTTO
There is no table -- and no chairs.

SCARLETT
Who cares?

They kiss. MacNamara comes in as they break.

OTTO
(to Scarlett)
I will pick you up at six-thirty sharp -- because the seven o'clock train to Moscow leaves promptly at eight-fifteen.

His arm around Scarlett, he leads her toward the door.

MacNAMARA
Wait a minute, kids -- before you go -- I'd like to give you a little present.

OTTO
(turning around)
Why?

MacNAMARA
It's customary when two people get married.

SCARLETT
Otto's friends didn't give us any presents. Instead they sent the money to the unemployed cotton-pickers in Mississippi.

MacNAMARA
(crossing to bar)
How about a cocktail shaker? -- no, I guess not --
(glancing around the room)
I know. A cuckoo clock.
(removes it from wall)
Hand-made by dwarfs in the Black Forest.

OTTO
(to Scarlett)
So now they are exploiting dwarfs.

MacNamara carries the clock over to the desk, starts wrapping it in a copy of the Wall Street Journal.

MacNAMARA
Sorry I don't have any fancy wrapping paper --

OTTO
We do not want anything from you.

SCARLETT
Otto, don't be rude. I think it's very sweet of Mr. MacNamara. Now we'll have a bed and a clock --

OTTO
We get our own clock in Russia.

MacNAMARA
If your clocks don't run any better than your trains, you might as well take this one.

He puts the newspaper-wrapped cuckoo clock into Otto's hands.

OTTO
You laugh at us now -- but not for long. Because you are arrogant and fat and bloated. The worms will have a picnic.

MacNAMARA
See you on the barricades, pal.

Otto starts out of the office.

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara, confidentially)
When the day comes, I'll put in a good word for you.

OTTO
(calling from the open doorway)
Scarlett.

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara)
It's my parents I feel sorry for -- it's too late to save them -- Otto says they'll have to be liquidated.

She hurries after Otto. MacNamara stands there for a beat, then moves quickly to the window, looks down.

68 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

MacNamara leans out of his office window.

MacNAMARA
(calling)
Schlemmer!

Schlemmer is squatting beside the rear of the motorcycle, stretching the mouth of the limp propaganda balloon over the protruding exhaust pipe. Hearing MacNamara's voice, he looks up.

From the window, MacNamara signals impatiently.

MacNAMARA
Hurry up!

In the street, Schlemmer finishes the job, steps away from the motorcycle just as Otto and Scarlett come out. Otto is carrying the wrapped cuckoo clock. Schlemmer passes them, enters the building. As Otto leads Scarlett across the sidewalk, Fritz jumps out of the Mercedes, opens the door for her.

OTTO
Auf wiedersehen, Liebchen.

SCARLETT
Auf wiedersehen.

They kiss. Scarlett gets into the Mercedes, Otto crosses to the motorcycle. He deposits the clock in the sidecar, straddles the seat. The limousine takes off. As Otto steps on the starter, the balloon mounted on the exhaust pipe starts to puff up jerkily.

From his office window, MacNamara watches this phenomenon with unconcealed pleasure.

Otto pulls a pair of goggles down over his eyes, releases the brake, steers the motorcycle into traffic.

69 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara is standing at the window, looking after the departing motorcycle with a trace of a smile, as Schlemmer comes hurrying in. He stops behind MacNamara, clicks his heels.

MacNAMARA
(without turning)
Good boy, Schlemmer.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir. Anything else you wish me to do?

MacNAMARA
(facing around)
No, thanks. We can just sit back now and let the East German police finish the job.

SCHLEMMER
Pardon me -- I must be very stupid -- but I do not understand any of this.

MacNAMARA
There's nothing to it. All it takes is a little knowledge of physics -- and elementary psychology. Right now, Comrade Otto Ludwig Piffl is tooling along on his motorcycle toward East Berlin --

70 OTTO - ON THE MOTORCYCLE - DAY

He is tooling along the Strasse des 17 Juni, exactly as described by MacNamara.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
-- gay, chipper, feeling like a million rubles. Little does he know that meanwhile, back at the exhaust --

71 THE REAR OF THE MOVING MOTORCYCLE - DAY

The balloon attached to the exhaust pipe is gradually inflating. The legend on it has been slightly changed -- it now reads RUSSKI GO HOME!

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
-- the fumes are filling the balloon. It gets bigger and bigger. And all the time, in the sidecar --

72 SIDECAR OF MOVING MOTORCYCLE - DAY

On the seat lies the cuckoo clock wrapped in newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
-- a little booby trap is ticking away. Now if my calculations are correct --

73 EXT. STRASSE DES 17 JUNI - SHOOTING TOWARD BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Otto, blissfully unaware of the expanded balloon, rides his motorcycle toward the Gate.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
-- all these things will begin to pay off once he passes through the Brandenburg Gate.

74 THE EAST SIDE OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Otto, on his motorcycle, comes through the gate. He slows down as he approaches the East German border policemen. One of them smiles, waves Otto through -- he is evidently a familiar figure there. As the motorcycle proceeds out of the shot, the policeman glances after it, does a big take.

Yes, it does say RUSSKI GO HOME on the balloon attached to the receding motorcycle.

The policeman is suddenly galvanized into action. He gives a sharp blast on his whistle. Four policemen standing beside a patrol car jump inside, take off after the motorcycle.

75 STREET IN EAST BERLIN - DAY

Otto, knowing from nothing, is chugging along on his motorcycle when the patrol car, sirens screaming and tires screeching, overtakes him and forces him to the curb. Three of the policemen spill out of the car, surround the bewildered Otto.

POLICE SERGEANT
(pointing at the balloon)
Was hab'n Sie da? Was soll das?

OTTO
(dismounting)
Keine Ahnung! Seh' das Ding zum ersten Mal.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE SERGEANT
(holding his hand out)
Papiere!

Otto hands him his identification papers. As the Sergeant examines them, one of the other policemen becomes aware of the ticking sound in the sidecar.

SECOND POLICEMAN
(pointing to wrapped package)
Was ist in dem Paket? Was tickt da?

OTTO
Eine Kuckucksuhr. Hab ich als Hochzeitsgeschenk bekommen.

The Second Policeman gingerly lifts the package from the sidecar, strips away the paper.

SECOND POLICEMAN
(relieved)
Ach so! Eine Kuckucksuhr!

So far, so good. But it is exactly twelve o'clock. There is that whirring sound again, the little door springs open, and out pops Uncle Sam, waving the Flag to the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle. The policemen are aghast. Otto removes his goggles, stares in utter disbelief.

POLICE SERGEANT
(shouting)
Mensch! Sie schmuggeln ja amerikanische Propaganda!

OTTO
(outraged innocence)
Ich? Amerikanische Propaganda? Davon hab ich nichts gewusst -- dachte, *das ist eine Kuckucksuhr* -- konnte nicht wissen, was das für ein Kuckuck ist!

There is more trouble brewing. The third policeman has picked up the newspaper in which the clock was wrapped, and is pointing excitedly to the masthead.

75 CONTINUED: (2)

THIRD POLICEMAN
Hier -- Seh'n Sie sich das mal an!
Wall Street Journal!

POLICE SERGEANT
Wall Street?
(grabbing Otto's arm)
Sie sind verhaftet!

As the policemen hustle him toward the patrol car Otto kicks and screams.

OTTO
Das ist ja Wahnsinn! Reiner Wahnsinn!
Ich bin unschuldig! Ich bin Mitglied
der kommunistischen Partei! Genossen!
Ihr müsst mir glauben, Genossen! Es
lebe die Revolution!

They do not believe Comrade Piffl. He is bundled into the car, still protesting violently. As the car starts to drive off, one of the policemen aims a revolver out the open window, fires at the RUSSKI GO HOME balloon. It disintegrates with a bang.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. ENTRANCE HALL AND LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Scarlett and Phyllis are coming down the stairs. Scarlett is dressed for departure -- in mink coat and hat -- and carries a travelling case.

SCARLETT
You can forward my mail care of
American Express in Moscow. And
Vogue Magazine--and Screen Romances--

PHYLLIS
All right. If you promise to send me
Pravda every day. Just the funnies.

SCARLETT
He should be here by now. What
time is it?

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS
Six twenty-five. Relax.

They have now reached the foot of the stairs. Parked there is the rest of Scarlett's luggage. Mopping the parquet floor of the entrance hall is Bertha, the housekeeper. Oddly enough, she too is wearing a mink coat.

BERTHA
(to Scarlett, stroking coat)
Danke schön.

SCARLETT
Don't mention it.

PHYLLIS
(indicating Bertha)
Are you sure you want to leave her that coat?

SCARLETT
Oh, yes. Otto thinks every woman should have a mink.

PHYLLIS
I'm with Otto.
(glancing toward Bertha wistfully)
Well, maybe she'll let me borrow it on my night out.

They move into the living room, proceed to settle themselves on the couch.

SCARLETT
Do you realize that Otto spelled backwards is Otto?

PHYLLIS
How about that?

SCARLETT
You'll like him. He looks just like Jack Kennedy. Only he's younger -- and he has more upstairs.
(taps her head)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

PHYLLIS
More brains?

SCARLETT
More hair. And of course, ideologically, he's much sounder.

PHYLLIS
Maybe we voted for the wrong man.

SCARLETT
That couldn't happen in Russia.

PHYLLIS
They don't make mistakes?

SCARLETT
They don't vote.
(a beat)
Have you ever made love to a revolutionary?

PHYLLIS
No. But I once necked with a Stevenson Democrat.

SCARLETT
Well, I've been engaged four times, so I know about men. And those subversives -- they're the wildest --

PHYLLIS
Really?

SCARLETT
No contest!

PHYLLIS
And I just thought we were lagging behind in missiles.

There is the sound of the front door being opened, and they look off. MacNamara has just entered. His Homburg is set at a rakish angle, he is twirling his umbrella and humming happily to himself. Seeing Phyllis and Scarlett, he heads for the living room.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Hi, girls. Wie gehts? Was ist cooking?
(turning back to Bertha)
Bertha, you better take Miss Hazeltine's luggage back upstairs.

PHYLLIS
Back upstairs? She's leaving.

MacNAMARA
I wouldn't count on it.
(he has gotten rid of his hat and umbrella, crosses to bar)
Bourbon and soda, anyone?

SCARLETT
(to Phyllis)
What's he talking about?
(to MacNamara)
Otto is coming to pick me up any minute.

MacNAMARA
No he's not. Otto's been picked up himself -- by the East German police.

SCARLETT
(up on her feet)
Police? What for?

MacNAMARA
Who knows? Over there they toss people in jail like we throw away used Kleenex.

SCARLETT
In jail?

PHYLLIS
(to MacNamara)
How do you know?

MacNAMARA
Bad news travels fast.
(pouring Bourbon)
Say when.

76 CONTINUED: (4)

SCARLETT
Where is he? I must go to him.

MacNAMARA
That's the worst thing you can do. He's in trouble enough already --

SCARLETT
But he's my husband. I want to help him.

MacNAMARA
We all do. That's why we have to get the marriage annulled right away.

SCARLETT
Annulled?

PHYLLIS
(incensed)
Now wait a minute, Mac --

MacNAMARA
Look, if on top of everything else they find out he's married to the parasite daughter of an American capitalist, they'll send him up for twenty years. Slaving away in the salt mines -- schlepping those heavy bags barefoot through the snow -- with nothing to keep him warm but the hot breath of the Cossacks.

SCARLETT
Otto --

She sways dizzily and crumples in a faint.

PHYLLIS
(grimly)
Nice work, Mac.
(kneels beside Scarlett, slaps her cheeks)
Scarlett! Scarlett!

MacNAMARA
(holding out ice bucket)
Try some ice.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (5)

PHYLLIS
(ignoring him; to Bertha)
Bertha, call Dr. Bauer, will you?

BERTHA
I will call the doctor --
(wrapping coat more securely around herself)
-- but I will not give back the mink coat!

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. SCARLETT'S ROOM - EVENING

It was formerly Tommy's room, and his decorative touches are still in evidence. Scarlett, in her slip, is lying in bed, a thermometer in her mouth. She looks pale and her eyes are red from crying. Sitting on the edge of the bed is DR. BAUER, a portly gemütlich type. He is humming The Ride of the Valkyries. Watching anxiously from the doorway is Phyllis. The doctor removes the thermometer, reads it.

DR. BAUER
(thick accent)
Die Temperatur she is normal.
(taking Scarlett's wrist)
Der puls --
(he looks at his wrist watch, clucks his tongue worriedly)

PHYLLIS
What's the matter?

DR. BAUER
I have missed the first act of Die Valkyrie.
(dropping wrist)
Der Puls he is normal.

He slips the stethoscope into his ears, and as he applies it to Scarlett's chest, there is a thundering sound from somewhere.

DR. BAUER
(reacting)
Das is definitely nicht normal.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

PHYLLIS
(looking over her shoulder)
I'll fix that.

78 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

The thundering sound is caused by Tommy and Cindy, roller-skating across the wooden floor. Phyllis steps out of Scarlett's room, closing the door.

PHYLLIS
Cut it out, kids.
(they stop)
Scarlett is sick.

TOMMY
If she dies, can I have my room back?

Phyllis shoos the kids into Cindy's room. She now becomes aware of MacNamara's voice, on the phone downstairs.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE
--- How would I know? I'm not a lawyer -- that's <u>your</u> job. Well, what am I paying you for? You must have <u>some</u> contacts in East Berlin.

Phyllis starts down the stairs.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MacNamara has the phone in one hand, his drink in the other.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
No, I don't want the marriage just annulled -- I want it wiped off the books. I don't care how you do it -- bribe one of the clerks over there, destroy the files. Look, if you guys could burn down the Reichstag, you can set a match to one measly marriage certificate. And it has to be done tonight!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

As MacNamara hangs up he sees Phyllis, who has entered the room.

MacNAMARA
(raising his glass)
Cheers.

PHYLLIS
Feeling pretty good, aren't you, mein Führer.

MacNAMARA
(smugly)
Not bad.

PHYLLIS
You framed that poor boy.

MacNAMARA
You bet I did! I'm not going to let that Communist kook ruin somebody's life.

PHYLLIS
But she loves him.

MacNAMARA
Not her life -- mine! I'm all set for the London job -- you want me to blow it?

PHYLLIS
I couldn't care less. I'm fed up with this whole deal -- hopping around the map from Baghdad to Caracas to Capetown -- dragging our young behind us -- who needs it?

MacNAMARA
What would you suggest?

PHYLLIS
Why can't you get yourself a nice permanent job in the home office in Atlanta?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA
Atlanta? You can't be serious. That's Siberia with mint juleps.

PHYLLIS
Mac, I've had it -- I want to go home.

MacNAMARA
Give me one good reason --

PHYLLIS
All right. Cindy has to have her teeth straightened. Tommy is ten years old and has never had a peanut butter sandwich. For a change, I'd like to see Gunsmoke not in German or Portuguese or Swahili --

MacNAMARA
You want to go home and pay taxes? We've got it made -- big house, servants, limousine, fat expense account -- and you want to give all that up for a peanut butter sandwich?

PHYLLIS
Oh, it's a great life for you -- everywhere we go you find yourself some friendly secretary who gives language lessons on the side.

MacNAMARA
What does that mean?

PHYLLIS
I can always tell when you've got a new teacher because you start wearing your elevator shoes to the office.

MacNAMARA
Phyllis, are you implying -- ?

PHYLLIS
I've known it for years.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA
(indignantly)
And you never said anything to me about it? That's not fair.

PHYLLIS
I just didn't want to be one of those nagging American wives. But maybe I was wrong -- maybe we should have had it out a long time ago --

From off comes the sound of Dr. Bauer's voice humming The Ride of the Valkyries. MacNamara and Phyllis hurry out into the entrance hall as the doctor comes down the stairs, carrying his hat and his medical bag.

PHYLLIS
How is she, Doctor?

DR. BAUER
Perfectly normal. She keeps asking for somebody named Otto...

MacNAMARA
Otto? Never heard of him.

PHYLLIS
(to Doctor)
But she's going to be all right.

DR. BAUER
Hundert Prozent! You will be happy to know that the young lady is -- how do you say it in English? -- schwanger.

PHYLLIS
Schwanger?

MacNAMARA
(to Phyllis)
What's that?

PHYLLIS
You're the one who's studying German.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BAUER
Schwanger -- you know --
(whacking his head)
-- such a Dummkopf I am --
schwanger, schwanger --

Leaning against the railing of the upstairs hallway, listening with interest, are Tommy and Cindy.

TOMMY
(piping up)
I know what it means.

MacNAMARA
What?

TOMMY
You told me not to use words like that.

MacNAMARA
(threateningly)
Come on!

CINDY
You want me to tell you?

PHYLLIS
Please.

CINDY
Scarlett is going to have puppies.

MacNAMARA
WHAT?!

PHYLLIS
(to Doctor)
She's pregnant?

DR. BAUER
(beaming)
That is the word. Auf Wiedersehen!
(turns, heads for the door, singing to The Ride of the Valkyries)
Schwanger is pregnant,
Pregnant is schwanger,
Dum dum dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum -

79 CONTINUED: (5)

MacNAMARA
(staggering into the living room)
Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Little Rico?

PHYLLIS
(calling upstairs)
All right, children -- back to your room. Get ready for bed.

She turns into the living room, crosses to the bar.

PHYLLIS
(nonchalantly, as she passes MacNamara)
I wonder what it's like to work for Pepsi-Cola?

MacNAMARA
Please, Phyllis.
(sinks down on piano bench)

PHYLLIS
(pouring herself a stiff one)
So tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine will arrive at the airport, and there will be little Scarlett -- unchanged, unspoiled, unwed -- just slightly schwanger.
(raises glass)
Cheers.

MacNAMARA
(on edge)
Phyllis -- I'm trying to think.

PHYLLIS
Think fast, Mr. Moto -- because there'll be a few questions asked -- like, for instance, who's the father?

MacNAMARA
I'll have the answers when the time comes.

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS
You better have Otto when the time comes.

MacNAMARA
Otto? That would be disaster.
(rises, starts pacing)
Let me see -- she was secretly married -- to somebody in the American Embassy -- they were honeymooning in the Alps -- he was killed by an avalanche -- no, that's no good -- he was sent on a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain -- never heard from again -- as a matter of fact, the whole thing was so secret we can't even mention his name.

PHYLLIS
Now you're really running amok. You think Scarlett is going to stand still for -- ?

MacNAMARA
Better a dead hero than a live Communist. First thing in the morning I'll pick up a Distinguished Service Medal -- it was awarded to him posthumously.

PHYLLIS
And while you're at it, pin one on yourself. First-class heel -- with oakleaf cluster.

She exits, starts up the stairs.

MacNAMARA
(calling after her)
What do you want me to do? I had enough trouble getting the guy into jail -- it's going to be ten times as tough to get him out.

Phyllis, ignoring him, disappears upstairs. MacNamara starts pacing up and down, as the Ride of the Valkyries sneaks in on the soundtrack. With sudden decision, he crosses to the phone. picks it up, dials.

79 CONTINUED: (7)

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Schlemmer?
(winces, pulls phone away from ear)
Don't click your heels...Listen, Schlemmer, I'm going to need you tonight. I'll pick you up in front of your house in exactly ten minutes. Meanwhile, call Ingeborg -- tell her it's an emergency -- we'll pick her up in exactly twelve minutes. Over and out!

He hangs up, grabs his hat, starts out the front door.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. STRASSE DES 17 JUNI - NIGHT

MacNamara's Mercedes limousine, headlights ablaze, is speeding toward the Brandenburg Gate. The Ride of the Valkyries swells to a climax.

81 EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRANDENBURG GATE - NIGHT

Half a dozen East German policemen are controlling the sparse traffic across the border. As the Mercedes comes through the gate, a Corporal waves it to a stop with his flashlight. He shines the beam on the small American flag on the fender, then flashes it into the interior of the car. Behind the steering wheel is Fritz, and beside him is MacNamara. In the back seat are Schlemmer and Ingeborg. She is wearing that white organdie dress with polka dots all over, the one MacNamara promised her, with matching picture hat, bag and shoes.

CORPORAL
(to Fritz, gruffly)
Wohin fahren Sie?

FRITZ
Ost Berlin.

CORPORAL
Papiere.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
(holding out passport)
American citizen.

CORPORAL
(examining passport
with flashlight)
What is purpose of your visit?

MacNAMARA
I'm going to see Commissar Peripetchikoff, chairman of the Russian trade commission.

CORPORAL
What for?

MacNAMARA
On business. I represent Coca-Cola.

CORPORAL
(a gleam in his eye)
Coca-Cola? You have proof?

MacNamara picks up a six-pack of cokes from the floor of the car, holds it up.

MacNAMARA
Will this do?

CORPORAL
(hands back passport,
takes six-pack)
I confiscate proof.

MacNAMARA
Fair enough. Just return the empties.

CORPORAL
Okay. Proceed.

He waves them on with his flashlight. As the limousine moves off, he takes out one of the bottles, smashes the neck of it against a traffic standard, starts to drink.

82 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

As the car proceeds through the poorly-lit streets of East Berlin with its four silent occupants. Schlemmer glances nervously out the window.

SCHLEMMER
If I may say so, this whole idea is crazy. It will not work. I can feel it -- and I am scared.

MacNAMARA
Pull yourself together, Schlemmer. That's an order.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir.
(although seated, he still manages to click his heels)

INGEBORG
I am scared, also.
(MacNamara throws her a look)
Not for myself. I only worry something will happen to my new dress.

MacNAMARA
I'll buy you half a dozen dresses.
(to Fritz)
They're staying at the Grand Hotel Potemkin. You know where that is?

FRITZ
Yes, sir. It used to be the Grand Hotel Goering -- and before that, it was the Grand Hotel Bismarck.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. GRAND HOTEL POTEMKIN - NIGHT

On a bombed-out street, this is the only building still standing -- the walls scarred and cracked and apparently held together by spit. Over the entrance is a marquee with GRAND HOTEL POTEMKIN spelled out in electric lights -- except for the letter E in HOTEL, which is dark. Parked in front is a Russian-made car with a small Soviet flag on the fender.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

The Mercedes pulls up in front of the hotel, and MacNamara and Ingeborg step out. MacNamara signals to Fritz and Schlemmer to wait, leads Ingeborg toward the entrance. From a couple of lighted upstairs windows comes the sound of music -- it sounds suspiciously like Yes, We Have No Bananas.

84 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It was once an elegant room -- but that was in Bismarck's time. There is the bedraggled skeleton of a magnificent chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The damask wall panels, now faded and shredded, are covered with giant German propaganda posters. On the bandstand, half a dozen emaciated musicians, in moldy ill-fitting tuxedos, with starched wing-collars, are playing a 1920 arrangement of Yes, We Have No Bananas. The leader is singing the lyrics in German. Talk about square.

There are some twenty tables in the room, and the patrons are a cross-section of Behind-the-Iron-Curtain types: -- Russian officers in bemedalled uniforms, East German party functionaries reading Pravda, a bearded professor and a Chinese officer playing chess. On the tiny dance floor, several ill-assorted couples are shuffling joylessly to the music.

At one of the tables are our friends of the trade commission -- Peripetchikoff, Borodenko and Mishkin -- engaged in a game of dominoes.

MacNamara leads Ingeborg up the stairs into the restaurant, stops and cases the joint. Seeing the three trade commissioners, he steers Ingeborg toward them.

At the table, Borodenko spots the Western visitors, nudges his companions. They leap to their feet, beaming, as MacNamara brings Ingeborg up.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Ah, Gospodin MacNamara.

MACNAMARA
Well, if it isn't my old friends -- Hart, Schaffner and Karl Marx.

MISHKIN
I see you bring double lady with you.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

BORODENKO
Ring-a-ding-ding!

Ingeborg gives them a big, promising smile.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Sit down, sit down, my friends.
Join us.

Additional chairs are being pulled up to the table.

MISHKIN
(to Ingeborg)
Right here, Fraülein.

As he helps her into a chair, he pats her fanny.

MacNAMARA
(catching this)
Hey, I said Karl Marx -- not Groucho.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(to MacNamara)
To what we owe this unexpected pleasure?

MacNAMARA
Well, you're a trade commission -- I thought we might trade.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Coca-Cola?

MacNAMARA
No. But I hear you boys would like Fraulein Ingeborg to go to work for you.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(eagerly)
You want to trade your secretary?

MacNAMARA
Right.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
For Russian secretary?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Wrong.

BORODENKO
I do not blame you. Ours is built like bowlegged samovar.

Ingeborg laughs uproariously, and the Russians join her.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
We find proposition very interesting.
(to MacNamara)
Now what can we offer you?

MacNAMARA
Actually, all I want from you is a small favor.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Small favor, big favor, anything.

MacNAMARA
There's a guy named Otto Ludwig Piffl -- he's being held by the East German police --

PERIPETCHIKOFF
For what reason?

MacNAMARA
The son of a gun stole my cuckoo clock.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
You want cuckoo clock back?

MacNAMARA
Wrong.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
You want Piffl back.

MacNAMARA
Right.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(throwing his hands up)
Impossible, my friend. We cannot interfere with internal affairs of sovereign Republic of East Germany.

84 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA
No Piffl, no deal.
(rising)
Let's go, Ingeborg.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Wait, what is the hurry? You are not giving us a chance.
(pulling MacNamara back into chair)
Is old Russian proverb -- you cannot milk cow with hands in pockets.
(to waiter, clapping his hands)
Herr Ober! Vodka! Caviar!
(shouting to orchestra)
Herr Kapellmeister! More rock and roll!

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. GRAND HOTEL POTEMKIN - DAWN

Fritz is leaning against the parked Mercedes, smoking, while Schlemmer paces nervously up and down the sidewalk. From the lighted upstairs windows comes a wild version of The Sabre Dance. As Schlemmer and Fritz look up, the electric sign on the marquee goes out -- and the letter E in HOTEL, previously dark, lights up.

86 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAWN

You wouldn't recognize the six nudnicks on the bandstand -- they are really belting out The Sabre Dance. The restaurant is empty now except for the two chess players and our party of five. Several tables have been moved together, and they are loaded with vodka, caviar, champagne, sturgeon and Ingeborg -- who, in stockinged feet, is doing an abandoned dance to Khachaturian's music. The three Russians, drunk and disorderly, are urging her on with rhythmic yells and handclaps. Only MacNamara, quietly spooning up caviar, still has his wits about him.

Out of the kitchen comes a waiter with some shashlik on flaming skewers. But before he can start serving, Ingeborg hijacks them, manipulates them tantalizingly as part of her dance. The three Russians are beside themselves. Mishkin fumbles for a cigarette, puts it in his mouth -- and Ingeborg lights it with the flaming shashlik.

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(tearing his eyes away from Ingeborg; to MacNamara)
You like this caviar? We give you hundred pounds.

MacNAMARA
I want Piffl.

Ingeborg tosses away the flaming skewers -- one of which goes sailing toward the bandstand. The bandleader catches it in mid-air, and without missing a beat, continues to conduct the orchestra.

Ingeborg is now removing her gloves in a modified strip-tease. She then takes off her bolero jacket, tosses it away -- and it lands on Peripetchikoff's head.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(to MacNamara)
Would you take new automobile? 1961 Moskvich hardtop convertible -- two-tone.

MacNAMARA
You mean that Russian hotrod parked outside?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Is wonderful car. Is exact copy of 1937 Nash.

MacNAMARA
(pouring champagne)
Not interested.

As the tempo of the music picks up, Ingeborg removes her belt, lashes out with it. Borodenko, carried away, removes his shoe, pounds it on the tabletop. The whole joint is jumping now. The chandelier jiggles in rhythm to the music; the chess pieces dance along the chess board -- but the two players remain oblivious; and a portrait of Khrushchev on the wall goes crashing to the floor -- revealing a portrait of Stalin underneath.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(mopping his brow; to MacNamara)
We give you Chinese cigarettes. Armenian rugs. Bulgarian yogurt.

MacNAMARA
Piffl or nothing.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
I know what! We have warehouse full of Spam left over from Lend-Lease...

MacNamara glances at the gray light in the windows, then at his watch.

MacNAMARA
It's five o'clock -- and we're not getting anywhere.
(rising)
Ingeborg, put your shoes on.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
One more minute, please. Summit conference.

He beckons to his companions. They move away from the table and go into a short huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(turning to MacNamara)
Before we make deal -- we want right of inspection.

MacNAMARA
I veto it!

PERIPETCHIKOFF
I thought so.

They resume the huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Well, comrades, what are we going to do? He's got it, we want it. Are we going to accept this blackmailing capitalistic deal?

MISHKIN
Let us take vote!

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(promptly)
I vote yes.

86 CONTINUED: (3)

MISHKIN
I vote yes.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(beaming)
Two out of three. Deal is on.

BORODENKO
Comrades, before you get in trouble, I must warn you, I am not really from Soft Drink Secretariat --
(whips a metal identification tag from his pocket)
-- I am undercover agent assigned to watch you.

MISHKIN
(like a shot)
In that case, I vote no. Deal is off.

BORODENKO
(his eyes on Ingeborg)
But I vote yes.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(beaming)
Two out of three again! Deal is on!

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. EAST BERLIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

A forbidding-looking building on a drab street. The entrance is flanked by two policemen. The 1961 Moskvich hardtop convertible slithers to a squealing stop in front of the building -- the brakes aren't all they should be. The Mercedes, which is following, comes to a smooth stop on the opposite side of the street. Out of the Russian car step the three tipsy commissars, start into the police building. MacNamara gets out of the Mercedes, stands there looking after them. Then he turns to Ingeborg and Schlemmer, in the back seat of the car.

MacNAMARA
Okay kids -- strip for action.

88 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAWN

Under a glaring light in the otherwise murky room sits Otto -- haggard, disheveled, desperately sleepy. Ringed around him are three burly, uniformed interrogators. A female stenographer, also in uniform, sits at a desk, fingers poised over a typewriter keyboard. Lying on a table in front of Otto is the incriminating cuckoo clock. And blasting from a phonograph, at ear-splitting volume, is a nasal voice singing *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini.*

OTTO
(pressing hands to ears)
Nein! Nein! Genug! Aufhören!
Schluss! Ich will schlafen!

The head interrogator turns the phonograph off.

INTERROGATOR
(shouting at Otto)
Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO
Nein!

INTERROGATOR
Für wen arbeiten Sie -- C.I.A.?

OTTO
Nein! Ich will schlafen!

His head falls forward on the table -- he is asleep. The interrogator shoves the table away -- and Otto has to catch himself to keep from falling. The female stenographer watches impassively. The second interrogator now grabs Otto's hair, jerks his head up so that the light is in his eyes.

SECOND INTERROGATOR
Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO
Nein!

SECOND INTERROGATOR
Sind Sie ein Geheimagent von Allen Dulles?

OTTO
Nein, nein, nein, nein --

(CONTINUED)

He raises his arm to shield his eyes from the light. The head interrogator removes the phonograph record from the turntable. Drilled about an inch from the center hole of the record is another hole. He slips the spindle through the off-center hole, starts the phonograph again. It's still Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini -- but played on the bias, it comes out as the most nerve-wracking, marrow-chilling cacophony. Otto grabs his ears, screaming.

OTTO
Aufhören! Aufhören! Ich halte das nicht mehr aus! Ich gestehe!

INTERROGATOR
(turns music off; to Otto)
Sie gestehen was?

OTTO
Alles!

INTERROGATOR
Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO
Ja! Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!
(the stenographer starts typing like mad)
Ja, ich arbeite für C.I.A.! Ja, ich werde von Wall Street bezahlt! Ja, ich bin ein Geheimagent von Allen Dulles! Ja, ja, ja, ja --

The interrogator rips the now typewritten confession out of the machine, shoves it in front of Otto, hands him a pen.

INTERROGATOR
Unterschreiben!

Holding the pen limply, Otto barely manages to sign his name before he falls asleep again. As the interrogator picks up the signed confession, the door opens and the three Russian commissars enter. Borodenko approaches the interrogator, flashes his identification tag.

BORODENKO
Borodenko von der Geheimen Russischen Polizei. Haben Sie einen Gefangenen namens Piffl?

INTERROGATOR
(pointing at Otto)
Jawohl.

BORODENKO
Wir wollen ihn. Wir nehmen ihn gleich mit.

INTERROGATOR
Jawohl.
(holding out confession)
Hier ist sein Geständnis -- er ist ein amerikanischer Spion.

BORODENKO
Ein amerikanischer Spion? Einen Moment.

He rejoins his two companions, and they go into a huddle.

BORODENKO
(whispering)
Did you hear that? He is a confessed American spy.

MISHKIN
In that case, I want nothing to do with it. Because if they ever find out in Moscow --

PERIPETCHIKOFF
He is right. No secretary is worth that risk.

BORODENKO
On the other hand -- why should they find out in Moscow? I will not inform.

MISHKIN
But if they do find out --

BORODENKO
Then we just cross the border into West Berlin.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
That is easy for you to say -- you are a bachelor. But if I defect, you know what they will do to my family? They will line them up against a wall and shoot them. My wife and my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law and my brother-in-law --

(the prospect makes his mouth water)

Comrades, let's do it!

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. EAST BERLIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

MacNamara and Fritz are waiting nervously beside the Mercedes, whose motor is running. Mishkin and Borodenko come out of the building, holding up Otto, who is out on his feet. Peripetchikoff follows, carrying the cuckoo clock.

MacNamara signals to Fritz, and the two of them cross the street toward the Russians.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(to MacNamara, as he comes up)
You try to bamboozle us, eh? You say he is cuckoo clock thief -- we know he is American spy.

OTTO
(without awakening)
Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!

Peripetchikoff claps his hand over Otto's mouth, looks worriedly toward the two police sentries.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Sssh.

(to MacNamara)
You better take him out of here before we all get into trouble.

MacNAMARA
Right.

(CONTINUED)

He and Fritz take Otto between them. Peripetchikoff hands the cuckoo clock to Fritz.

MacNAMARA
It's a pleasure to do business with you boys.

He and Fritz start to lead Otto away.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Wait -- where is blonde lady?

MacNAMARA
I'll send her right over.

In the Mercedes, Ingeborg, back to camera, is looking out the window toward MacNamara and Fritz as they half-drag, half-carry Otto across the street. She opens the car door, steps out as the three of them come up. MacNamara and Fritz deposit Otto in the back of the car. MacNamara gets in beside him, Fritz slips into the front seat with the cuckoo clock. The Mercedes shoots off, leaving Ingeborg behind. She starts slowly across the street toward the Russians..

The three Siberian wolves are standing beside their car, drooling expectantly, as Ingeborg approaches.

Maybe it's the trolley car tracks, maybe it's the high heels, but suddenly Ingeborg turns her ankle, falls flat on her face. The three Russians race toward her, start to lift her up solicitously.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Ah, you poor baby.

BORODENKO
Did you hurt yourself?

MISHKIN
Let me help you.

As they raise Ingeborg half-way up, they realize it's not Ingeborg at all -- it's Schlemmer, in Ingeborg's clothes. Schlemmer looks at them fearfully, the Russians look at him in shock.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
He has bamboozled us again!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

They let go of Schlemmer, and he flops on his face once more.

MISHKIN
(in Russian)
Quick, comrades. We must stop them before they get through the Brandenburg Gate.

They rush to their car, jump in, start the motor. Meanwhile, Schlemmer has risen to his knees, and is putting on his glasses. As the Russian car lurches forward in pursuit of the Mercedes, it backfires a couple of times. Schlemmer falls flat on his face again.

90 INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING THROUGH EAST BERLIN - DAWN

Fritz is at the wheel. In the back seat are MacNamara, and the real Ingeborg, in underwear with a car robe wrapped around her. Between them is the sleeping Otto.

INGEBORG
Those Russians, I hope they are not too disappointed.

MacNAMARA
That's <u>their</u> problem.

INGEBORG
Actually, they were very cute. I can't decide which one I liked best -- the big fat one or the bald one.

MacNAMARA
That's <u>Schlemmer's</u> problem.

He hears what sounds like a series of pistol shots behind them, glances out the rear window.

It is not shots, but the backfiring of a car which is rapidly catching up with them.

MacNAMARA
Fritz, what's that behind us?

FRITZ
(peering into rear view mirror)
Looks like a 1937 Nash.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
Okay, step on it.

91 STREETS OF EAST BERLIN - DAWN

The Mercedes picks up speed. The Russian car, backfiring periodically, tries to keep up. The chase continues around corners and traffic islands, winds up in a dead end street. The Mercedes cuts across an empty lot. The Moskvich follows, and as it bounces over the curb, one of the fenders falls off. The Mercedes skirts a ruined building, but the Moskvich heads right for it, taking a short cut through the ruins. By the time it emerges, steam is gushing from the radiator, and one of the tires has come off. As the Russian car limps along on the tireless rim, the Mercedes outdistances it.

92 EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRANDENBURG GATE - DAWN

The Mercedes comes speeding up to the gate, and is signalled to a stop by the border policemen. The same corporal is still in charge.

CORPORAL
Halt!

MacNAMARA
(sticks his head out through open window)
You remember us. We came through earlier.

CORPORAL
You wait!

He starts toward the guardhouse, while the other policemen block the path of the Mercedes. As MacNamara looks back through the rear window worriedly, Otto suddenly stirs in his sleep.

OTTO
Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!

MacNamara claps his hand over Otto's mouth, glances toward the policemen, to make sure they haven't overheard. At the same time, the cuckoo clock on the front seat comes to life. It is six o'clock, and Uncle Sam pops out again, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Fritz smothers Uncle Sam with his cap.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

The corporal is now returning from the guardhouse, carrying the six-pack of empty Coca-Cola bottles, all with their necks broken. He starts to hand them through the open window of the Mercedes.

CORPORAL
(grinning)
Here is empties.

Just then there is the blaring sound of a car horn. Everybody looks off.

The Moskvich is weaving toward them, practically obscured by a cloud of steam. Borodenko is leaning out the rear window, shouting "Aufhalten! Aufhalten!"

The corporal and the other border policemen are suddenly alert. MacNamara, Ingeborg and Fritz sit there apprehensively.

As the Russian car approaches the halted Mercedes, Peripetchikoff steps on the brakes. There is a squealing sound, but nothing happens. Peripetchikoff now yanks the hand-brake -- and it comes off in his hand. He starts steering desperately -- and the steering wheel breaks in half. The three Russians duck as the car continues out of control.

The border policemen scatter like nine-pins as the runaway car bears down on them.

In the Mercedes, MacNamara, Ingeborg and Fritz follow the off-scene progress of the Russian car. There is the sound of a tremendous crash. The corporal and the other policemen rush toward the scene of the accident.

MacNAMARA
(calmly, to Fritz)
Let's go.

The Mercedes, now unguarded, zooms through the Gate into West Berlin.

As for the Moskvich, it has tried to climb one of the pillars of the Brandenburg Gate, and failed. The car is leaning at a 75-degree angle against the pillar, its wheels still spinning, steam pouring from the gaping hood. Out of the rear seat staggers Borodenko, the car-door draped around his neck, still shouting "Aufhalten! Aufhalten!"

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

93 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

MacNamara, in shirtsleeves, his tie loosened, is at the washstand, just finishing shaving. Lying asleep on the couch, covered with the car robe, is Otto. He stirs restlessly, moans.

OTTO
Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion.

MacNAMARA
Drop dead!

94 INT. OUTER OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The place is empty, the typewriters still covered -- the employees have not yet reported for work. Ingeborg, in a lacy slip and stockinged feet, is standing at her desk fixing coffee, and humming the Sabre Dance.

95 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

MacNamara tosses down the towel, crosses to his desk, buttoning his shirt. Ingeborg comes through the door with a cup of coffee, still humming the Sabre Dance.

MacNAMARA
That's enough, Ingeborg! Cut it out!

INGEBORG
Why are you so unfriendly this morning? I thought everything was wunderbar.

MacNAMARA
Some wunderbar!

He picks up the cuckoo clock, which is lying on the desk, proceeds to hang it back on the wall. It shows 8:25.

MacNAMARA
Can you imagine what's going to happen at noon -- when the Hazeltines step off that plane and get a load of their new son-in-law?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA (CONT'D)
(Otto mutters in his sleep)
You slob!
(to Ingeborg)
And when he opens his big fat Red mouth, then it's goodbye Charlie.

INGEBORG
Who is Charlie?

MacNAMARA
Charles H. Kaputt!
(crosses to window, looks out)
What's keeping Scarlett? I wish she'd get here.

INGEBORG
I wish Schlemmer would get here. Or anyway, send my dress back.
(indicating coffee)
What do you want in this -- cream, sugar?

MacNAMARA
Just two lumps of benzedrine. It's going to be a rough day.

There is the sound of a car drawing up outside. MacNamara turns back to the window.

96 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - MORNING

The Mercedes limousine has stopped in front of the entrance, and Fritz jumps out to open the rear door. Scarlett, in a silk suit, steps out of the car, hurries toward the building. Fritz dashes to overtake her.

97 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

MacNamara turns from the window to Ingeborg, who is stirring his coffee.

MacNAMARA
You better put something on. Your goose-pimples are showing.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

INGEBORG
(glancing down her decolletage)
That's nothing. You should see my sister.

MacNamara takes his raincoat off a hook, pitches it to Ingeborg.

98 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - MORNING

The elevator is coming up. Pounding up the stairs is Fritz. He reaches the elevator just in time to open the door for Scarlett. She sweeps out, a look of anticipation on her pretty face.

99 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ingeborg is buttoning up the raincoat, while MacNamara waits in the open doorway for Scarlett. She comes hurrying up between the empty desks.

SCARLETT
Where is he?

MacNAMARA
Listen, Scarlett -- before that maniac wakes up -- I've got to talk to you. There's only one way out of this mess --

Scarlett pushes past him, rushes to the couch.

SCARLETT
Otto! Otto darling!
(she shakes him)
Otto!
(his eyes flicker open)
It's me -- Scarlett.

OTTO
(groggily)
Scarlett.

SCARLETT
(kissing him)
Darling, I have something very exciting to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO
(sits up, looks around, puzzled)
How did I get here?

It is 8:30. Out of the cuckoo clock pops Uncle Sam, Yankee Doddling again. Otto looks at the clock, then his eyes fall on MacNamara.

OTTO
(jumping up)
You! I should take that wedding present and break it over your head!

MacNAMARA
(sipping coffee)
That's gratitude. After all the trouble I went through to get you out of jail.

OTTO
(violently)
You got me into jail.

MacNAMARA
So we're even.

SCARLETT
(to Otto, tenderly)
You know, yesterday, when you didn't show up, I fainted.

OTTO
(pointing at MacNamara)
It's all his fault.

MacNAMARA
Well, not entirely.

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
Don't you want to hear what the doctor said?

99 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA
(to Ingeborg)
Get him some coffee. He's going to need it.

Ingeborg exits.

OTTO
From you I don't need anything.

SCARLETT
I'm going to have a baby.

OTTO
(to MacNamara, threateningly)
If my wife wasn't here, and if she wasn't going to have a baby --

He breaks off abruptly, stares at Scarlett, open-mouthed. Then --

OTTO
What?

SCARLETT
That's right.

OTTO
Liebchen!

He grabs Scarlett, whirls her joyfully around.

MacNAMARA
That's just what the world needs -- another bouncing baby Bolshevik.

SCARLETT
I was so afraid you wouldn't want it.

OTTO
You little fool. I want dozens.

He helps her to the couch, wraps the car robe around her solicitously.

SCARLETT
So do I.

OTTO
So does the party. They encourage it. We must outproduce the West.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
I hear they got a new plan now. Instead of one woman taking nine months to have a baby, they're going to put nine women to work on it and do it it in one month.

OTTO
(ignoring him)
The minute we arrive in Moscow, we must get on the waiting list for the people's maternity ward and the people's obstetrician.

SCARLETT
No, I'd like to fly over my own doctor from Atlanta. And my old nurse -- and my governess --

OTTO
What for? The State takes care of everything. At the age of six months, the baby will be enrolled in the people's nursery school. Naturally, we will have visiting rights every other Sunday.

SCARLETT
Every other Sunday?

MacNAMARA
You can bring him some pablum with a file in it.

OTTO
(to MacNamara)
Imperialist stooge!
(to Scarlett)
And of course, we'll see him on May Day -- he'll be marching by in the parade -- we can wave to him.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
You can also wave to him on Lenin's birthday, and on Yuri Gagarin's birthday -- that kid'll be parading all the time.

SCARLETT
Well, at least it'll keep him off the streets.

OTTO
(searching his pockets)
The tickets -- where are the tickets? We must find out when the next train leaves for Moscow.

MacNAMARA
(putting down his coffee cup)
Forget it, Piffl. You're not going to Moscow. You can't even get back to East Berlin.

OTTO
Why not?

MacNAMARA
Because you're an American spy.

OTTO
Who said so?

MacNAMARA
You did! Don't you remember last night -- the police station? You signed a confession -- ein amerikanischer Spion.

OTTO
(as it hits him)
Nein, nein, nein, nein.

MacNAMARA
Ja, ja, ja, ja.

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
Isn't that thrilling? Darling, why didn't you tell me?

OTTO
It's not true! I am not a spy!

MacNAMARA
Makes you think, doesn't it? About all those other confessions they get. In another hour they would have had you confessing to germ warfare in Laos.

OTTO
(leaping at MacNamara)
You did this to me!

MacNAMARA
You mean, I gave you the third degree? Or was it your Communist chums?

OTTO
(grabbing him by the lapels)
You will come with me -- you will tell them it was a trick.

MacNAMARA
Are you kidding? You think they'd believe me -- an imperialist stooge?

OTTO
I should kill you!

MacNAMARA
Take it easy, kid. Or you'll wind up in the people's emergency hospital.

He shoves him down on the couch. Otto, in complete despair, buries his head in his hands. Scarlett snuggles up next to him.

SCARLETT
Otto, darling -- what are we going to call the baby?

101 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

A bedraggled Schlemmer -- still in Ingeborg's clothes - is limping down the aisle from the elevator. His dress is torn and dirty, his face shows a five o'clock shadow, and he is fanning himself with the picture hat. Ingeborg, at her desk, looks up appalled.

INGEBORG
My dress! What did you do to my dress?

MacNamara appears in the doorway of his office.

MacNAMARA
Schlemmer!

Schlemmer comes to attention, tries to click his heels -- but it's not so easy in girls' shoes.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir! I'm sorry I didn't shave this morning.

INGEBORG
Look at my dress -- it is ruined!

MacNAMARA
Have any trouble getting out of East Berlin?

SCHLEMMER
No -- but I had a little trouble in West Berlin -- I was picked up by an American soldier in a jeep -- he was very fresh -- wanted to take my picture for something called Playboy.

MacNAMARA
All right, get out of those silly clothes -- we have a lot of work to do.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir. If I can have my suit --

INGEBORG
(pointing)
It's in your office.

Schlemmer reaches down the front of his dress, takes out his falsies -- two inflated balloons, tied together with a string. One of them is green, one of them is yellow, and on both of them is printed YANKEE GO HOME.

102 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Scarlett is still sitting on the couch beside the despondent Otto.

SCARLETT
(chattering away)
And it's going to be such fun shopping. We need a bassinet and a crib and a layette -- and we'll have to run down to Paris for a few days -- they have some marvy maternity clothes at Christian Dior's --

OTTO
(raising his head)
Darling, you have to forget all that. We can't even afford milk for the baby.

SCARLETT
Oh, the doctors have a whole new theory -- milk is the worst thing for babies.

Otto rises, moves away from the couch. In the doorway stands MacNamara, listening.

OTTO
Don't you understand, Scarlett? I am through -- finished -- ausgespielt. To the Communists, I am an American spy -- to the Americans, I am a Communist. I have nothing -- no home, no job, not even my motorcycle.

MacNAMARA
That's tough. All you got is a rich wife.

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
He's right. In January, when I'm eighteen, Daddy's giving me ten thousand shares of Coca-Cola stock.

OTTO
I am a worker, not a gigolo! I will not take any money from you.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
You bet you won't!
(to Scarlett)
Because when your father finds out who you married, he'll cut you off without a red cent -- you should pardon the expression.

SCARLETT
I guess so. Daddy has a fit every time I order anything with Russian dressing.

MacNAMARA
Looks bad, doesn't it? But it's a good thing I like you kids -- I'm going to help you -- if idiot-boy here will cooperate.

OTTO
You go to hell!

Ingeborg appears from the outer office, still in the raincoat. Beyond her we see employees filing in to work.

INGEBORG
Long distance. Mr. Hazeltine is calling from London.

MacNAMARA
London? Oh-oh. The bloodhounds are closing in.
(picks up phone)
Hello? Yes, Mr. Hazeltine -- this is MacNamara.

103 PHONE BOOTH - LONDON AIRPORT - DAY

On the phone is Hazeltine, wearing his hat and clutching a telegram. Standing anxiously in the open door of the booth is MRS. HAZELTINE a cozy-looking woman of fifty, in a travelling suit, and holding a Pan-Am overnight bag.

HAZELTINE
(raging)
MacNamara, I'm going to have your head for this! ... What do you mean, for what?

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

HAZELTINE (CONT'D)
We get off at the London airport to change planes, and there's this telegram waiting for me --
(reading)
Congratulations. You're going to be a grandfather. Signed, MacNamara ... Is this your idea of a joke?

104 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
No -- it's not my idea of a joke.
(covers mouthpiece; to Scarlett)
Did somebody send a telegram to your father?

SCARLETT
Yes. Mrs. MacNamara.

MacNAMARA
Oh, she did!
(into phone)
Yes, it's true. We didn't want you to be too surprised when you got here.

105 TELEPHONE BOOTH - LONDON AIRPORT - DAY

HAZELTINE
(into phone)
MacNamara, I send you a sweet pure innocent girl who isn't even eighteen yet and -- What?
(to Mrs. Hazeltine, relieved)
It's all right, Melanie -- she's married.

MRS. HAZELTINE
Thank Heaven.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

HAZELTINE
(into phone)
Wait a minute, MacNamara -- not so fast -- just exactly who is she married to?

106 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Oh, I wouldn't worry about it. He's a wonderful boy --
(his eyes on the bedraggled, unshaven, glowering Otto)
-- handsome -- cultured -- comes from one of the best families in Europe -- you'll be crazy about him. Yes, sir -- we'll bring him along to the airport with us. Happy landing.
(hangs up, calls)
Schlemmer!

OTTO
(to MacNamara)
What are you up to now?

SCARLETT
All those lies. You can't fool Daddy that easy.

MacNAMARA
I didn't say it was going to be easy. But we sure can try.

OTTO
(suspiciously)
Try what?

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
We're going to turn this crumbum into a perfect son-in-law --
(a glance at the clock)
-- and we've got exactly three hours and two minutes to do it in.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT
(brightly)
Oh, I get it.
(to Otto)
Isn't he clever?

MacNAMARA
(yelling)
Schlemmer!

OTTO
I categorically refuse!

Schlemmer comes dashing in, just putting on his jacket.

SCHLEMMER
Sorry, sir. I had difficulty getting out of the girdle.

He clicks his heels, realizes his shirt-tail is still hanging out, starts to tuck it in.

MacNAMARA
Schlemmer, I want all those people out there to drop everything and stand by for orders! General alarm! Complete mobilization!

SCHLEMMER
(beaming)
Ah, like the good old days! Yes, sir!

He springs into the outer office.

OTTO
I will not be a party to this scheme.

MacNAMARA
Okay. If you don't love your wife --

OTTO
(shouting)
I worship her!
(to Scarlett, tenderly)
You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you --

(MORE)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

OTTO (CONT'D)
(raising his voice)
-- but I will not compromise my principles.

SCARLETT
(holding his hand)
And I'd do anything for you -- even if we had to starve together -- but we can't ask the baby to starve -- not at his age.

MacNAMARA
See? You're upsetting your wife. Think of her condition.

OTTO
I will not be turned into a capitalist!

MacNAMARA
Once you're a son-in-law in good standing, I don't care what you do. You can steal the formula to Coca-Cola and square yourself with Moscow again. But at noon today you're going to look and act like a gentleman!

It is nine o'clock. To the tune of Yankee Doodle, Uncle Sam pops out of the cuckoo clock -- and Schlemmer pops in from the outer office.

SCHLEMMER
Everybody at their posts, awaiting orders.

MacNAMARA
All right, here we go! First. Get a barber and manicurist up to the office! Next. Call my lawyer -- I want him here immediately! Next. I want to speak to the manager of the Berlin Hilton! Next. Get a hold of what's-his-name -- you know, that moth-eaten count -- the one who used to hang around the Cafe Wien --

SCHLEMMER
Count von Droste-Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
That's the one. I want to see him right away.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir!

MacNAMARA
And send Ingeborg in here -- mit pad and pencil.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir!

MacNAMARA
Schnell-machen. One, two, three!

SCHLEMMER
(clicks heels three times)
Jawohl!
(he exits)

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
We better start cleaning him up.
(points to wash-stand)
Over there.

OTTO
I have agreed to nothing.

MacNAMARA
Is it against the party-line to use indoor plumbing?

Scarlett takes Otto's arm, leads him toward the wash-stand.

SCARLETT
Come on -- it won't hurt a bit.

MacNAMARA
Even if it hurts -- mit the hot water and mit the soap!

Ingeborg comes in, with pad and pencil.

INGEBORG
Yes, Mr. MacNamara.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (4)

MacNAMARA

Ready?

INGEBORG

Always ready.

MacNAMARA

First, call Reinhardt and Reinhardt, custom tailors, and have them send up everything they've got in their shop -- single-breasted, three-button, narrow lapels -- medium gray to dark blue --

(a glance toward Otto)

-- size thirty-nine, regular. Next. Call Pleschke, the haberdasher -- I want to see some shirts, broadcloth, plain or tab collars, size 15 1/2 - 34 -- shorts, nylon or cotton, size 32 -- socks, French lisle, dark tones, size 11 1/2 -- ties, not too wide, not too narrow, not too fancy. Also pajamas, handkerchiefs, cufflinks, suspenders, etcetera, etcetera. Next, call Hochstaetter's, have them deliver some shoes, British or Italian models, brown and black, size 9B.

(the phone rings and he picks it up)

Yes, Fritz? No, Fritz -- I need you -- sleepy or not sleepy, everybody works today!

(hangs up; to Ingeborg)

Next. Call any first-class hatter, I want an assortment of hats, no porkpies, none of that Tyrolean jazz, size 7 and 3/8. Correction -- after we get his hair cut, 7 and one-eighth. Next, call that department store on Tauenzienstrasse, have them bring up a matched set of men's luggage, cowhide or pigskin. Next, call the Ritz Jewelers, I want to see a selection of gold wedding rings -- also engagement rings, diamond solitaire, no less than two carats no more than four.

As he strides up and down, he passes the wash-stand. Otto, his sweater off, is soaping his face while Scarlett stands by with a towel.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
And make sure he scrubs behind the ears.
(Otto glares at him)
Next. Call Kottler's Restaurant, have them send up one deluxe seven-course dinner and one complete table setting. Next, call a florist and have them make up a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Also two boutonnieres, white carnations. Any questions?

INGEBORG
Yes. Can I go home and get some clothes?

MacNAMARA
At a time like this? Dressed or not dressed, everybody works today. Now get with it.

As she starts out of the office, a BARBER and a MANICURIST come in. They are both in working smocks, the barber carries his instruments in a bag, the manicurist has a tray in her hands.

BARBER
(to MacNamara)
Haare schneiden?

MANICURIST
Manikuere?

MacNAMARA
Not me -- him.
(points at Otto)
Take him into the conference room and chop that mop off.

BARBER
Jawohl.

MacNAMARA
And give him a shave and a manicure.

BARBER
Jawohl.

(CONTINUED)

MANICURIST
Jawohl.

OTTO
(drying his face)
No!

MacNAMARA
What do you mean, no?

OTTO
No manicure! It is a symbol of bourgeois decadence and insecurity --

MacNAMARA
Oh, sure. In Russia everybody is so secure they chew their nails off.

SCARLETT
(taking Otto's arm)
Come on, darling -- nobody will ever know. You can wear gloves.

She leads him toward the outer office.

OTTO
Gloves? Why don't you ask me to wear striped pants?

As they exit, followed by the barber and the manicurist, MacNamara snaps his fingers, picks up the phone.

MacNAMARA
Ingeborg? When you talk to that tailor, I also want some striped pants, a morning coat and a white waistcoat.

As he hangs up, Schlemmer comes through the connecting door.

SCHLEMMER
I have located Count von Droste-Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA
Good.

SCHLEMMER
He is working in the men's room at the Kempinski Hotel.

MacNAMARA
How soon can he get here?

SCHLEMMER
Well, this is his busy time of the day. He wants to know if you can come there.

MacNAMARA
Absolutely not.

SCHLEMMER
I'll tell him. And your lawyer is here.

MacNAMARA
(calling)
Come in, come in.

ZEIDLITZ, the lawyer, enters from the adjoining office as Schlemmer exits. He is a gray-haired man in his late forties, carries a brief case.

ZEIDLITZ
Ah, Herr MacNamara -- isn't this a glorious day.

MacNAMARA
Cut the schmoose. Now listen, Zeidlitz, here's what I want you to do --

ZEIDLITZ
It has already been done. Complete success. The young lady can consider herself unmarried.

MacNAMARA
Unmarried?

ZEIDLITZ
(opens brief case, takes out document)
It wasn't easy, but I managed to liberate that marriage license from the files in East Berlin. Just like you ordered.

MacNAMARA
It's that damn German efficiency! That's all I need now -- an illegitimate baby on my hands.

ZEIDLITZ
I beg your pardon?

A MAN comes through the door from the outer office, his arms piled high with shoeboxes.

SHOEMAN
Ich bringe die Schuhe.

MacNAMARA
The shoes? Unpack them and let's see what you got.
(to Zeidlitz)
I want you to go back to East Berlin and put that marriage license right back in the files.

ZEIDLITZ
(shoving document into briefcase)
If you say so.

MacNAMARA
But first -- I want you to draw up some adoption papers.

ZEIDLITZ
For the baby?

MacNAMARA
No. For Otto Ludwig Piffl. We're going to have him adopted by a real, honest-to-goodness, blue-blooded aristocrat.

ZEIDLITZ
Oh. A baron?

MacNAMARA
Better than that. The guy who's working in the men's room at the Kempinski.

ZEIDLITZ
Who?

MacNAMARA
Leave the name blank. I haven't made the deal yet. Now get to work -- in there.

He indicates Schlemmer's office. As Zeidlitz exits, MacNamara turns to the shoeman, who by this time has opened all the boxes and set them out on the couch.

MacNAMARA
Next -- shoes!
(going down the line)
No -- no -- nothing with tassels. Those are all right. Alligator? That's for bandleaders. Those are okay. Okay.
(picks up a basket-weave shoe, holds it up to the light)
Totally unacceptable. Full of holes.

From the outer office comes the TAILOR, wheeling a portable rack with a dozen suits on it, some of them only half-finished.

TAILOR
Guten Morgen. Rheinhardt -- from Rheinhardt and Rheinhardt.

MacNAMARA
Be right with you.
(to shoeman)
I'll take those -- and those -- but not those.
(crossing to tailor's rack)
Now what have we got here?

(CONTINUED)

TAILOR
Latest English style. All fabrics imported.

MacNAMARA
They look more like they were deported.
(going through the suits)
Too loud. Too quiet. All right -- but take the padding out of the shoulders. That's not bad. Belt in the back? I thought that went out with high-button shoes.

SHOEMAN
(electrified)
High-button shoes? I have some right here.
(holds them up)

MacNAMARA
(to shoeman)
Never mind. Take that stuff into the conference room.
(to tailor)
I want these ready in twenty-four hours.

TAILOR
Twenty-four hours?

MacNAMARA
And where's the morning coat and striped pants?

TAILOR
My assistant is bringing them.

MacNAMARA
Those I want fitted right away.

The shoeman has now exited, juggling several boxes of shoes, and into the office has come a JEWELER, carrying a flat black case.

106 CONTINUED: (11)

JEWELER
(coming up behind MacNamara)
Schmuck.

MacNAMARA
(whirling on him)
What did you say?

JEWELER
Schmuck.
(opens box to reveal assortment of rings)
Jewelry.

MacNAMARA
Oh.

The clock goes off -- it is nine-thirty.

MacNAMARA
(to Jeweler)
Come with me.
(to Tailor)
You too.

He hastens out of the office, followed by the jeweler, and the tailor pushing his rack.

107 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara appears from his office, all the employees leap to their feet -- except Ingeborg, who is busy on the telephone. MacNamara leads the jeweler and the tailor toward the conference room.

MacNAMARA
(a wave of his hand)
Sitzen machen.

The employees sit down as the procession enters the conference room.

108 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It is a formal room, usually serving for high-level staff meetings -- with an oval table in the middle and a dozen chairs around it. One of the chairs has been pulled away, and planted in it, with a barber's sheet around his neck, is Otto. The barber is shearing his mop, the manicurist is clipping the nails of his left hand while his right hand is soaking in a basin, the shoeman is kneeling in front of him fitting shoes on his naked feet, and Scarlett stands by supervising.

OTTO
(to manicurist)
A strong healthy girl like you -- you should not be cutting nails, you should be cutting wheat in the Ukraine.

SCARLETT
(to barber)
No, no -- leave it a little longer on the sides -- like Sal Mineo.

MacNamara has entered by now, followed by the jeweler and the tailor.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett, pointing at jeweler's tray)
Pick a couple of wedding rings.

SHOEMAN
(to Otto)
Left foot, please.

SCARLETT
(showing pair of rings to Otto)
You like these?

OTTO
Gold? Never. I prefer the honest steel of the guns of Stalingrad.

MacNAMARA
Come on.
(pulls his dripping right hand out of the basin)
You guys are always yakking about disarmament. We might as well start right here and now.
(takes the steel wedding ring off his finger)

(CONTINUED)

SHOEMAN
(to Otto)
Stand up, please.

Otto rises. The barber and the manicurist continue working on him in the new position, while the shoeman feels the instep of his shoes, and MacNamara slips the gold band on his finger.

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
He's also giving you an engagement ring.

SCARLETT
He is?

OTTO
I am?
(to shoeman)
They're too big.

SHOEMAN
I assume the gentleman will wear socks.

OTTO
Not if I can help it.

The tailor has now encircled Otto's waist with a tape-measure.

TAILOR
Waist, thirty-one.

BARBER
(to Otto)
Sit down, please.

He pushes him back into the chair. The shoeman starts to remove Otto's shoes. Scarlett has now selected a diamond ring from the jeweler's tray.

SCARLETT
I want this one.

MacNAMARA
(to jeweler)
How much?

JEWELER
Eight thousand marks.

SCARLETT
(kissing Otto on the forehead)
Thank you, darling.
(she starts to put on the ring)

OTTO
Wait.
(he leaps to his feet)
Who is paying for this foolishness?

MacNAMARA
Relax. You've got assets -- all that Coca-Cola stock.

OTTO
You expect me to sit on my assets and just clip coupons?

SCARLETT
Don't worry -- the baby will clip the coupons. We'll put all the money in his name.

SHOEMAN
(to Otto)
Sit down, please.

Otto sits, and the shoeman starts to fit another pair of shoes on his bare feet. During all these ups and downs, the barber, manicurist and tailor have continued to work on him.

OTTO
I will not have my son grow up to be a capitalist.

SCARLETT
When he's eighteen, he can decide for himself -- whether he wants to be a capitalist, or a rich Communist.

The phone has rung, meanwhile, and MacNamara picks it up.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Yes? Who? The manager of the Berlin Hilton? Put him on.

The TAILOR'S ASSISTANT enters, carrying the striped pants, white waistcoat, and morning coat on a hanger.

MacNAMARA
(to tailor's assistant)
Over there.
(into phone)
Hello? I want to reserve the bridal suite. Yes, checking in today.... I didn't ask you how much it cost -- this is for the son-in-law of an American millionaire. Double bed, naturally, and silk sheets --

SCARLETT
(to MacNamara)
Tell them we won't need a table and chairs -- we're going to have all our meals in bed.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Never mind the silk sheets -- just make it a tablecloth and two napkins.
(hangs up)

OTTO
Silk sheets -- diamond rings -- bridal suites! What is this -- La Dolce Vita?

The tailor and his assistant, each grabbing a pants-leg, start to pull off Otto's corduroys.

OTTO
(holding on to his pants for dear life)
Hey, what are you doing? Are you crazy? Scarlett -- help me!

Schlemmer enters, approaches MacNamara.

108 CONTINUED: (4)

SCHLEMMER
The haberdasher is in your office.

MacNAMARA
(indicating Otto)
Keep an eye on the Kremlin Kid.

He starts out.

109 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara crosses from the conference room to his office, the employees again jump to their feet.

INGEBORG
(to MacNamara, as he passes her desk)
There's a newspaperman here to see you -- from The Tageblatt.

MacNAMARA
Not today.
(to employees, without looking)
Sitzen machen.

They sit as he enters his office.

110 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

The HABERDASHER has spread out his wares all over the room -- boxes of shirts, shorts, pajamas, handkerchiefs, socks, ties, robes, etc. MacNamara comes in, circles the room inspecting the goods.

MacNAMARA
(indicating shirts)
No, no -- white shirts only -- two dozen -- French cuffs.

HABERDASHER
Jawohl.

MacNAMARA
Handkerchiefs, okay. Socks, fine -- if he objects, we'll just have to paint his feet black.

(CONTINUED)

HABERDASHER
Jawohl.

MacNAMARA
Where are the pajamas?

HABERDASHER
Right here.

MacNAMARA
Okay -- okay --
(picks up a pair with a crazy pattern)
What's this?

HABERDASHER
They are beautiful.

MacNAMARA
They are terrible!

HABERDASHER
(instantaneously)
They are terrible!

MacNAMARA
Let's see the ties.
(Haberdasher holds up a bunch of ties, and MacNamara picks through them)
Jawohl, nix, jawohl, jawohl, definitely nix --
(indicating black and white striped tie)
-- this is the best.

HABERDASHER
It is mine.

He lowers the other ties to reveal that he is wearing the striped tie.

MacNAMARA
Take it off. I'm buying it.

As the haberdasher starts to remove his tie, the door opens and Phyllis comes in. She is wearing a suit and hat.

110 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA
Good morning, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS
(looking around)
Looks like the Berlin branch of Macy's basement.

MacNAMARA
You have no idea -- it's a rat race around here.

PHYLLIS
And I know the rat.

HABERDASHER
(holding up a dressing gown)
This robe, it is jawohl or nix?

MacNAMARA
Sit down, Phyllis. I'll be right with you.

PHYLLIS
Don't bother. I just want something from the safe. What's the combination?

MacNAMARA
Twenty-two -- five -- seventeen.
(as Phyllis crosses to the wall safe, he turns to the haberdasher)
All right, throw that robe in and start taking this stuff into the conference room.

HABERDASHER
Jawohl.
(picks up shirt boxes)

MacNAMARA
That guy in there -- don't tell him those are French cuffs. Not with the Algerian situation the way it is.

As the haberdasher exits, MacNamara crosses to Phyllis, who is just opening the wall safe.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
What are you looking for?

PHYLLIS
Here they are. The passports.

She has taken three American passports out of the safe.

MacNAMARA
Passports?

PHYLLIS
I'm flying back to the States -- and I'm taking the kids with me.

MacNAMARA
You're what?

PHYLLIS
You heard me.

MacNAMARA
What are you sore about now? I got Otto back, didn't I? I'm remodelling him.

PHYLLIS
Somebody should do a little job on you. Goodbye, Mac.

MacNAMARA
(shutting the door)
Phyllis, you can't walk out on me like this.

PHYLLIS
I'm not walking out -- I'm just going back where I belong. Anytime you'd care to join us, we'll be waiting for you.

The door of Schlemmer's office opens, and Zeidlitz, the lawyer, appears with a legal document in his hand.

ZEIDLITZ
The adoption papers, they are ready.

MacNAMARA
Raus!

(Zeidlitz withdraws)
What's come over you, Phyllis? After sixteen years --

PHYLLIS
Maybe after sixteen years every marriage gets a little stale -- like a leftover glass of beer.

MacNAMARA
Phyllis, can't we discuss this problem without bringing up a rival beverage?

PHYLLIS
(looking inside the passports)
I hope the vaccination certificates are still good.

MacNAMARA
Look, Phyllis, you knew the kind of guy I was when you married me.

PHYLLIS
Apparently not.

MacNAMARA
I'm not one of those suburban jokers, nine to five in the office, home on the commuter train, and cut the grass every weekend.

PHYLLIS
Turns out I married Marco Polo.

MacNAMARA
It wasn't all that bad, those sixteen years. We've had some fun. Remember Teheran -- when Cindy was born -- driving twelve miles to the hospital -- in a Coca-Cola truck?

MacNAMARA
(selling fast)
Phyllis, baby, I love you -- and take my word for it -- everything is going to be fine. We'll be living in London -- Tommy can go to Oxford -- Cindy can watch the changing of the guard -- we can afford one of those real snooty butlers -- kippers and marmalade for breakfast -- riding to hounds --

The door opens and Otto bursts in. He is wearing the striped pants -- which he has to hold up because they are much too large around the waist -- but is shirtless and shoeless. His hair is cut, now, half his face is lathered, the other half shaved. Trailing after him are the tailor, and the barber waving a straight-edged razor.

OTTO
(defiantly)
I will not be caught dead in striped pants. They are for bankers and war profiteers.

TAILOR
Actually, they were ordered by the Ambassador from the People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

OTTO
(gesturing)
We will deal with Tito when the time comes --

The pants start to slip and he grabs them. The barber steps up and resumes shaving Otto.

MacNAMARA
(to tailor)
Meanwhile, take them off and fix them. They're much too big.

TAILOR
(indicating Phyllis)
In front of the lady?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (7)

MacNAMARA
Oh, yeah -- I forgot. He doesn't wear shorts.

PHYLLIS
(matter-of-fact)
No wonder they're winning the cold war.

MacNAMARA
All right -- into the other room.
(ushering group through door)
Don't go away, Phyllis.

111 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara follows Otto, the barber and the tailor out, the employees jump to their feet.

MacNAMARA
(to Ingeborg)
Ingeborg -- get him some shorts.
(to employees)
Sitzen machen!

The employees sit as MacNamara and the others proceed into the conference room. Ingeborg starts into the inner office.

112 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Phyllis is leaning against the desk as Ingeborg comes in.

INGEBORG
Good morning, Mrs. MacNamara.

PHYLLIS
(sizing her up)
Guten Morgen.

INGEBORG
(going through the haberdasher's boxes)
Shorts -- let me see -- where are the shorts?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (4)

PHYLLIS
We both go now.

She accompanies Ingeborg out of the office.

113 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Phyllis turns to Ingeborg as they come out.

PHYLLIS
Will you please give my husband a message? Tell him I said Aloha!

INGEBORG
Aloha?

PHYLLIS
That's Hawaiian for Get Lost!

She walks briskly toward the elevator. As Ingeborg crosses to the conference room, MacNamara sticks his head out the door.

MacNAMARA
What's holding up those shorts?

INGEBORG
Right here.
(indicating box)
Oh, and your wife said to tell you Aloha --
(a startled look from MacNamara)
-- that's Hawaiian for Get Lost.

MacNamara glances off, sees Phyllis at the elevator.

MacNAMARA
Phyllis!

He starts toward her, dodging between the desks. The employees leap to their feet.

114 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Phyllis is at the elevator, punching the button. The door opens, and two waiters carrying trays of food come out. Phyllis steps into the elevator, shuts the door, just as MacNamara comes rushing up, sidestepping the waiters. Too late. The elevator is on its way down.

HEADWAITER
(to MacNamara)
The dinner -- where do you want it?

MacNAMARA
(jerking his thumb)
In the conference room.

The waiters move off. MacNamara leans over the staircase railing, shouts down.

MacNAMARA
Phyllis!

A Teutonic-looking man, with saber-scars on his cheek, rises from one of the chairs in the anteroom and comes up behind MacNamara. This is the NEWSPAPERMAN Ingeborg announced before.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Mr. MacNamara, my name is Untermeier -- I'm a reporter from The Tageblatt --

MacNAMARA
(turning away impatiently)
Don't bother me. Some other time.

He strides back into the outer office, where the employees are still standing at attention.

NEWSPAPERMAN
(calling after him)
But this is important. We have information that Miss Hazeltine, of Coca-Cola, married somebody in East Berlin -- a member of the Communist Party --

(CONTINUED)

MacNamara is now beyond earshot. As he heads for the conference room he waves to the employees.

MacNAMARA
Sitzen machen!

115 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The waiters are setting up the seven-course dinner at one end of the conference table. The barber and the manicurist, having finished their job, are packing up their paraphernalia. The tailor is busy recutting the oversized striped pants. In foreground stands Otto, flanked by Scarlett and the haberdasher. He has nothing on but a pair of shorts, and is looking down at them in disgust.

OTTO
I will not wear these! They look ridiculous -- they serve no useful purpose --

SCARLETT
Darling, it's just a convention. Back home we even put panties on lamb chops.

HABERDASHER
They are drip and dry -- fifty percent nylon --

OTTO
Nylon? That's DuPont! A well-known monopoly!

SCARLETT
They're also fifty percent cotton -- that'll help those share-croppers in Mississippi.

MacNamara has entered by now, and is checking the table setting.

MacNAMARA
(to Otto)
All right. Now sit down and let's see how you eat.

115 CONTINUED: (2)

LUGGAGE MAN
You want initials on the bags?

MacNAMARA
Initials? He doesn't even have a name yet.

As the luggage man starts to pack the bags, MacNamara turns back to Otto. He now has the chicken in his right hand, and with his left hand he picks up a bottle of red wine and starts to drink from it.

MacNAMARA
No, no, no, no --

SCARLETT
He's right, darling. Always white wine with chicken.

MacNAMARA
And out of a glass, stupid.

OTTO
(growling at MacNamara)
You know everything. Which wine to drink, which fork to use for fish, which knife to stab the proletariat in the back with --

MacNAMARA
(picking up half a grapefruit)
How would you like a little fruit for dessert?

Schlemmer comes up behind him, clicks his heels.

SCHLEMMER
The Count is waiting in your office.

MacNAMARA
(putting down grapefruit; to Scarlett)
Keep working on him.

SCARLETT
(taking chicken from Otto)
Here, darling -- use the fingerbowl.

MacNamara, on the way out of the conference room, passes the luggage man, who is just about to pack Otto's corduroy pants and sweater.

MacNAMARA
No, don't pack his old clothes!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (3)

SCHLEMMER
(taking clothes)
What shall I do with them?

MacNAMARA
Burn them. But first have them disinfected.

OTTO
(to Schlemmer)
Wait a minute. My party membership book is in there. I'm paid up till December.

Schlemmer has picked up the asparagus grabber, and fishing the party book out of the back pocket of the corduroys, hands it to Otto as if it were something radioactive. MacNamara exits.

116 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

It is 10:30, and Uncle Sam is out of the cuckoo clock waving his flag. Watching the performance superciliously through a monocle is COUNT von DROSTE-SCHATTENBURG. He is seventy, and there is a certain shabby elegance about both his bearing and his clothes. As the door of the cuckoo clock closes, MacNamara comes in.

MacNAMARA
(over his shoulder)
Sitzen machen!
(to Count)
Hello, there.

COUNT
(with a curt bow)
Waldemar von Droste-Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA
(same bow)
MacNamara von Omaha Nebraska.

COUNT
Would you mind telling me why I was summoned here? Because every minute I am away from my post it costs me two marks in tips.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA
Okay, I'll lay it on the line. How would you like to become a father?

COUNT
At my age?

MacNAMARA
There's a young man I'd like you to adopt -- and the tip is two thousand marks.

COUNT
(turning to go)
Good day, sir.

MacNAMARA
Now hold on there, Count --

COUNT
Just because I am reduced to earning my living in a washroom does not mean that I am willing to peddle the honor and dignity of my family name. The von Droste-Schattenburgs date back to the Second Crusade -- we have one of the oldest blood-lines in Europe -- and one of the most inbred. I am a direct descendant of Philip The Bleeder. So your proposition is not only preposterous, it is highly insulting!
(a beat)
Make it ten thousand marks.

MacNAMARA
I'll give you three thousand.

COUNT
Please, I just told you -- I come from a long line of bleeders -- so don't cut the price.

MacNAMARA
Four thousand.

COUNT
I'll have you know that I am distantly related to ex-King Farouk of Egypt.

MacNAMARA
Thirty-five hundred.

COUNT
What happened to four thousand?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA
It's a deal.
(picks up phone)
Ingeborg, send Piffl in here.
(hangs up)

COUNT
For an additional five hundred marks,
I will include the family crest.

MacNAMARA
What is it? Two cakes of soap on a field
of paper towels?

The Count pulls a billfold from his pocket, produces an engraved facsimile of the crest.

COUNT
A porcupine rampant on a field of fleur-de-lys.
(hands it to MacNamara,
takes out snapshot)
You may also have a photograph of the
Schattenburg castle -- unfortunately
destroyed during the war.

MacNAMARA
(looking at snapshot)
American Air Force?

COUNT
No, Turkish cavalry. 1683.

Otto stalks in, now wearing black shoes, dark socks, garters, shorts, and an unbuttoned white shirt. Scarlett is beside him, clutching his sleeve.

OTTO
(to MacNamara)
You can't just order me around. Come
here, sit there, do this, eat that --

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
Darling, hold still. I can't get the
cufflink in.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT
(peering at Otto through the monocle)
Is this the lucky young man?

MacNAMARA
That's him.
(to Otto)
Meet your father.

OTTO
My father?

COUNT
(with open arms)
Ah, my dear boy. I'm sure you'll be a credit to the family.

MacNAMARA
It could use a little credit.

The Count has embraced the stunned Otto, kisses him on both cheeks. As they come out of the embrace, we see that the monocle is no longer in the Count's eye -- it is in Otto's eye -- but Otto is not aware of it.

OTTO
What is all this?

MacNAMARA
You're being adopted.

OTTO
Adopted? Just like that -- without even asking me? This is not only devious, it is unilateral!
(squinting)
My eye! What's the matter with my eye?

MacNAMARA
(to Count, indicating Scarlett)
And this is your daughter-in-law.

COUNT
(kissing Scarlett's hand)
Gnädige Frau.

OTTO
Scarlett, I've got something in my eye!

SCARLETT
It's a monocle. Looks good on you.

OTTO
A monocle? How sneaky can you get?

He removes it, tosses it away. MacNamara meanwhile has scribbled something on a pad, tears off the page and hands it to the Count.

MacNAMARA
Go in there and sign the papers -- and give this to the cashier on the way out.

COUNT
Thank you.

He spots a loose thread on Otto's shirt, produces a whiskbroom from his back pocket, brushes Otto off.

OTTO
(whirling on him)
What do you think you're doing?

COUNT
It's on the house. No charge.
(with a wave of the whisk-broom)
Goodbye, my son.

He exits into Schlemmer's office.

MacNAMARA
Now I want you kids to memorize your new name. You are the Count and Countess von Droste-Schattenburg.

OTTO
Count?

SCARLETT
Countess?
(beaming)
That means everybody has to curtsy to me -- except maybe Grace Kelly.

OTTO
Nobody will curtsy to you. I refuse to join the aristocracy! They are all leeches -- bleeding the underprivileged masses --

MacNAMARA
Not the von Droste-Schattenburgs. They bleed themselves.
(to Scarlett)
Take him into the other room and get him dressed. And now that he's got a name, there are some things I want him to sign.

OTTO
What things?

MacNAMARA
(taking papers out of desk drawer)
First, I'm turning over my limousine and my chauffeur to you.

OTTO
All I want is my motorcycle back.

SCARLETT
(to Otto)
Who ever heard of a Countess in a sidecar? Besides, where'll we put the baby?

MacNAMARA
(handing papers to Scarlett)
And have him fill out those applications -- golf club, Diner's Club, Blue Cross, Book-of-the-Month Club, Fruit-of-the-Month Club --

OTTO
I will sign nothing -- I will join nothing --

SCARLETT
(leading him out)
But darling -- that's the American way of life.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO
(contemptuously)
The American way of life. Unemployment, discrimination, gangsterism, juvenile delinquency!
(from doorway, proudly)
But under our new twenty year plan, we will catch up with you!

MacNAMARA
Lots of luck.

As Scarlett pulls Otto out, MacNamara picks up the phone.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Ingeborg, get the manager of the bottling plant up here right away. And see if you can find me a sign-painter in a hurry.... What M.P.'s?

He looks off toward the open doorway. Standing there are three American military policemen. MacNamara hangs up, crosses to them.

MacNAMARA
What can I do for you, boys?

M.P. SERGEANT
You the head man around here?

MacNAMARA
That's me.

M.P. SERGEANT
We have a report from one of our GI's that you got a female employee here who's an enemy agent.

MacNAMARA
Enemy agent?

M.P. SERGEANT
Well, what would you call a dame that's running around with Yankee Go Home tattooed on her chest?

MacNAMARA
Somebody must be pulling your leg.

M.P. SERGEANT
Maybe -- and maybe not. Mind if we look around?

116 CONTINUED (7)

MacNAMARA
(typical gesture)
Be my guest.

M.P. SERGEANT
(same gesture)
Okay, Buster.
(to companions)
Let's go.

As the M.P.'s fan out among the employees in the outer office, KRAUSE, the manager of the bottling plant, comes hurrying down the aisle in white coveralls.

KRAUSE
(breathlessly)
You sent for me, sir?

MacNAMARA
(steering him into office)
Krause, as manager of the bottling plant, you're always complaining that you need more help.

KRAUSE
Yes, sir. We're very busy downstairs.

MacNAMARA
Well, cheer up. You're going to get an assistant.

KRAUSE
Who?

MacNAMARA
You.

KRAUSE
Me?

MacNAMARA
That's right. The new manager of the bottling plant is Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (8)

KRAUSE
I refuse.

MacNAMARA
Your position may be lower, but your pay will be higher.

KRAUSE
I accept.

MacNAMARA
All right -- into the conference room. You've got fifteen minutes to teach this guy everything you know about the bottling business.

KRAUSE
I can't thank you enough --

MacNAMARA
Out!

As Krause exits, MacNamara is already at the phone dialing a number.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Bertha, let me talk to Mrs. MacNamara.... What do you mean, she packed up and left? Mit die Kinder? Where did they go?.... Into a taxi. Thanks a lot.

He hangs up and as he starts toward the doorway, he finds Untermeier, the newspaperman, leaning in the doorway.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Mr. MacNamara, I don't want to take up your time -- so if you'd just let me talk to Miss Hazeltine --

MacNAMARA
About what?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED (9)

NEWSPAPERMAN
About her marriage to that Communist in East Berlin. I'd like a statement before we print the story.

MacNAMARA
There is no story -- and there is no Communist.

NEWSPAPERMAN
But we know she got married --

MacNAMARA
Sure she did -- to Count Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Who?

MacNAMARA
Otto the Bleeder. Goes all the way back to the Second Crusade -- Turkish cavalry -- here's the family castle.

He picks up the photograph of the castle and the crest from the desk, shows them to the newspaperman. A PAINTER, in overalls and carrying several small buckets of paint, appears in the doorway.

PAINTER
Painter.

MacNAMARA
Oh.
(glances at newspaperman, crosses to painter)
Come with me.

He leads the painter out.

117 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The M.P.'s are circulating between the desks, casing the female employees. As MacNamara comes out of his office with the painter, the employees leap to their feet -- and the Sergeant rears back to avoid a faceful of bosom. MacNamara and the painter come up the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA
(to employees)
Sitzen machen.
(to painter, showing him crest)
Now I want you to paint this crest on the door of a car -- how long will it take?
(as the painter opens his mouth to answer)
That's too long. Look, my Mercedes is parked downstairs --

In b.g., Scarlett is crossing from the conference room to MacNamara's office with the signed applications in her hand.

118 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Scarlett comes in, stops when she sees the newspaperman.

SCARLETT
Oh. Excuse me.
(she turns to go)

NEWSPAPERMAN
Miss Hazeltine?

SCARLETT
Yes.

NEWSPAPERMAN
(pad and pencil poised)
How do you spell your husband's name?

SCARLETT
P-I-F-F-L.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Piffl? I thought it was von Droste-Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

SCARLETT
Oh, that. You mustn't believe everything Mr. MacNamara tells you -- he fixed it all up, so Daddy wouldn't find out Otto is a Red.

(newspaperman starts scribbling busily, as MacNamara appears in the doorway behind Scarlett)

In the beginning I didn't like Mr. MacNamara, but he's been just marvy --

MacNAMARA
(stepping in)
That's enough out of you, Countess!

SCARLETT
Did I say something wrong?

MacNAMARA
(taking papers out of her hand)
Buzz off, will you?

He propels her out the door.

NEWSPAPERMAN
(cockily)
You said there was no story -- and it keeps getting better and better.

MacNAMARA
How much do you want to forget the whole thing?

NEWSPAPERMAN
(on his dignity)
You think you can buy a German newspaperman?

MacNAMARA
I never tried before.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Maybe in America your journalists are for sale, but here in Germany --

The door of Schlemmer's office opens, and Schlemmer bounces in with a legal document.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

SCHLEMMER
The adoption papers -- all signed and notarized --
(stops abruptly when he sees newspaperman, clicks his heels, salutes)
Herr Oberleutnant!

The newspaperman tries to signal Schlemmer -- MacNamara intercepts it.

MacNAMARA
You two know each other?

SCHLEMMER
He was my commanding officer --

MacNAMARA
In the subway?

SCHLEMMER
No, after that -- when I was drafted --

MacNAMARA
Aha. Gestapo!

SCHLEMMER
No, no -- S.S.
(he catches himself)

NEWSPAPERMAN
(barking at Schlemmer)
Halten Sie doch den Mund, Sie Idiot!

MacNAMARA
(a grin)
Now, Herr Oberleutnant -- is there anything else I can do for you?

NEWSPAPERMAN
No, thank you. I have all the facts. Union between two internationally prominent families -- the Hazeltines and the von Droste-Schattenburgs -- the social event of the year. It will be in the afternoon paper.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA
It better be.

NEWSPAPERMAN
(opens door)
Auf Wiedersehen.

MacNAMARA
Sieg Heil!
(turning)
As for you, Schlemmer -- you're back in the S.S. -- Smaller Salary.

SCHLEMMER
Sir, let me explain -- I was only a pastry cook in the officers' mess --

MacNamara, reminded of something, snaps his fingers, grabs the phone.

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Ingeborg, I want to speak to the Maitre d' at the Hilton --

SCHLEMMER
I was a very bad pastry cook --

It is eleven. The cuckoo clock goes off -- both the flag-waving and the music are highly accelerated by now.

MacNAMARA
Eleven o'clock!
(to Schlemmer)
Where are the hats? Where are the flowers? We're running behind schedule.

SCHLEMMER
Yes, sir!

As he starts out of the office --

MacNAMARA
(into phone)
Manfred? I want to arrange an intimate little banquet -- the Count and Countess von Droste-Schattenburg honoring his in-laws, the Wendell P. Hazeltines --

(CONTINUED)

119 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Schlemmer comes hurrying out of MacNamara's office, and as he starts up the aisle he is arrested by the sight of the M.P. Sergeant questioning a buxom female typist.

M.P. SERGEANT
You got a polka dot dress?
(the girl, obviously not understanding, giggles)
Haben Sie ein -- tattoo - on your -- glockenspiel?

The girl crosses her arms over her chest. Schlemmer has heard enough. He wheels around, scoots into his office.

120 INT. SCHLEMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lying on the desk are the ruined polka dot dress, the hat, and the inflated balloons. Schlemmer quickly gathers up the incriminating evidence, opens the door of a closet, shoves everything inside. As he shuts the closet door, the door of the office opens and the three M.P.'s come in. Schlemmer moves casually away from the closet -- not realizing that part of the dress is caught in the door.

M.P. SERGEANT
Any broads working in this office?

SCHLEMMER
No, sir -- just me.

M.P. CORPORAL
(catching sight of protruding dress)
Look, Sarge -- polka dots. It fits the description.

M.P. SERGEANT
Whose dress is that?

SCHLEMMER
I don't know. I never saw it before.

M.P. SERGEANT
We better check this out.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the closet door, peers inside. Suddenly he gives a violent start, slams the door shut, whirls around, and leans with his back against the door on the verge of nervous collapse.

M.P. SERGEANT
(in a low, intense voice)
Corporal, I'm relieving myself of duty. I want you to take me back to the base and turn me in for psychiatric observation.

M.P. CORPORAL
What's the matter, Sarge?

M.P. SERGEANT
(like a zombie)
She's in there, all right -- I saw her -- naked as a jaybird.

M.P. CORPORAL
Has she got the tattoo on her chest?
(the Sergeant nods dumbly)
So what's wrong, Sarge?

M.P. SERGEANT
(swallowing hard)
Fellas, you won't believe this -- but one of them is yellow, one of them is green!
(extending his arms to his wide-eyed companions)
Take me away.

The other two M.P.'s grab his arms, lead him firmly out of the office. Schlemmer sighs with relief, rests his hand on the back of his desk chair. But it is a swivel chair, and it spins around -- taking Schlemmer with it.

121 INT. MACNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara is on the phone.

MacNAMARA
Now for the entree, we'll have venison and hominy grits. How do I know where you get hominy grits? Try the Army PX. For dessert, Peaches Flambe a la Hazeltine. Wine -- king-size Coca-Cola in individual ice-buckets. Table decorations -- the von Droste-Schattenburg coat of arms with crossed flags -- German and Confederate. Music -- Dixie, Swannee River, Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, but not -- I repeat, not -- Marching Through Georgia.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

Otto comes striding into the office. He is completely dressed now -- tie, white waistcoat, black coat -- but still without pants. MacNamara hangs up.

OTTO
(surprisingly sweet)
You really want to make me the boss of the bottling plant?

MacNAMARA
It's a must. So your father-in-law won't think you're just a titled beatnik, sponging off your wife.

OTTO
I am going to like this job.

MacNAMARA
It's about time you started to cooperate.

OTTO
You know what is the first thing I am going to do?
(Crazy Otto again)
I am going to lead the workers down there in a revolt!

MacNAMARA
Put your pants on, Spartacus!
(picks up phone)
Ingeborg, call the airport and find out if the twelve o'clock plane from London is on time.

122 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg is on the phone.

INGEBORG
Yes, Mr. MacNamara.
(presses bar down, dials a number)
Tempelhof? Pan-American Auskunft, bitte.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

As she waits to be connected, she catches sight of something off-scene. Her eyes widen.

Waddling grimly down the aisle, from the direction of the elevator, is Commissar Peripetchikoff. Under his hat his head is bandaged, and he has one arm in a sling.

123 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

By this time an aroused Otto is addressing the Coca-Cola pins on the wall map.

OTTO
Soft-drink slaves of the world, arise! Smash those bottles -- pour that syrup down the sewers --

In the open doorway Peripetchikoff appears, stands glaring at MacNamara.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Remember me?

MacNAMARA
Commissar Peripetchikoff. Well, well, well.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Well is the one thing I am not.

OTTO
(galvanized)
You are a Russian Commissar?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(pushing Otto aside; to MacNamara)
For the last time, you have made fool of me.

OTTO
He fooled me too. Listen, Commissar, you must help me and my wife get into the Soviet zone.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

PERIPETCHIKOFF
There may be little problem --

MacNAMARA
(to Otto)
Yeah. Everybody's coming this way -- fifteen hundred people a day -- you want to fight all that traffic?

OTTO
(to Peripetchikoff)
I'm a party member --
(takes party book out of inside pocket of coat, flashes it)
-- paid up till December. They need me there. I'm a missile scientist.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Ah, that is one field where we are ahead of America. In Cape Canaveral, if missile goes wrong, they press special button, and pow -- it blows up. But in Russia, we have two buttons.

OTTO
Two buttons?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
One to blow up missile -- one to blow up scientist.

OTTO
What kind of Commissar are you?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
An ex-Commissar.

MacNAMARA
You've defected?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Is old Russian proverb -- Go West, Young Man.

MacNAMARA
What happened to your pals Mishkin and Borodenko?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

PERIPETCHIKOFF
In ambulance on way from Brandenburg Gate I snitched Borodenko's secret police badge and had them both arrested.

OTTO
(stunned)
You betrayed your own comrades?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
If I don't do it to them, they do it to me.

MacNAMARA
Is old Russian proverb.

OTTO
(to Peripetchikoff, indicating MacNamara)
You are worse than he is.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Look, my young friend, I don't want to be name-dropper -- but what do you think Khrushchev did to Malenkov? What do you think Stalin did to Trotsky?

OTTO
Is everybody in this world corrupt?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(shrugging)
I don't know everybody.

OTTO
(bitterly)
Maybe we should liquidate the whole human race and start all over again.

MacNAMARA
Look at it this way, kid -- any world that can produce the Taj Mahal, William Shakespeare, and striped toothpaste can't be all bad.

The tailor comes hurrying in with Otto's pants.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

TAILOR
The trousers -- you can try them on.

MacNAMARA
(to tailor)
Take him with you.

OTTO
(as he exits with tailor)
From now on, I fight alone. It's Piffl against everybody and everything!

MacNAMARA
See what I'm up against? He can't even remember his own name.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
To get back to me --

MacNAMARA
What do you want -- money?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Certainly not. I will be rich man now. You remember those twenty carloads of Swiss cheese?

MacNAMARA
What about them?

PERIPETCHIKOFF
I have tremendous scheme. I will trade them for twenty carloads of sauerkraut. Then I will silver-plate the sauerkraut and sell it in the United States for Christmas tree decorations.

MacNAMARA
You're a cinch.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
But for this I need bilingual secretary. And you promised me blonde lady --

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (6)

MacNAMARA
You came at the right time -- because I'll be moving to London anyway -- the only thing is I don't know how to break the news to her --
(calling out the door)
Ingeborg!
(to Peripetchikoff)
It's not going to be easy -- she's crazy about me --

Ingeborg comes in, with pencil and pad.

INGEBORG
Yes, Mr. MacNamara.

MacNAMARA
Classified ad, to run in all papers. International businessmen -- overweight but cute -- needs executive secretary. Fringe benefits include extensive travel, large wardrobe allowance, liberal retirement plan --

INGEBORG
(crossing out dictation)
I take the job.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
(beaming)
You got it!
(he starts to lead Ingeborg out)

MacNAMARA
Goodbye -- good luck --
(to Ingeborg)
-- and what about that call to Tempelhof?

INGELBORG
Oh. The plane will be ten minutes early.

She waves to him, exits with Peripetchikoff.

MacNAMARA
Ten minutes early? That's a helluva way to run an airline! Planes are supposed to be late, not early!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (7)

Scarlett comes rushing in tearfully from the outer office.

SCARLETT
I never want to see him again -- I never want to speak to him -- I want a divorce!

MacNAMARA
(reeling)
What's the matter now?

SCARLETT
(sinks down in chair, sobbing)
He doesn't want the baby. He says nobody should bring children into a world like this --

MacNAMARA
That miserable punk! Why didn't he think of that before? After all I've gone through --
(murderously)
Where is he?

Otto comes dashing in, pursued by the tailor, still clutching the pants.

OTTO
I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean it.
(dropping down on his knee beside her)
Of course we're going to have the baby. I love you.

SCARLETT
(hanging on to him)
Don't ever scare me like that again.

OTTO
Maybe our children can make this a better place to live in -- a world where men are created equal and there is liberty and justice for all.

MacNAMARA
Congratulations! You have just quoted Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (8)

OTTO

I what?

It is 11:30, and out of the cuckoo clock shoots Uncle Sam, flag and music going frantically.

MacNAMARA

Come on -- let's get going.

The tailor hands the pants to Otto. MacNamara rushes to get his coat, hat and umbrella, while Scarlett fishes out her bolero jacket from the debris on the couch. As Otto starts to step into the pants, there is a loud rip -- the seam has come apart.

TAILOR

I'll take it in the other room and fix it.

MacNAMARA

We haven't got time. Come with us.

He sweeps Scarlett and Otto out of the office. The tailor runs after them with the torn pants.

124 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara and the tailor head for the elevator, the employees jump to their feet.

MacNAMARA

Schlemmer!

SCARLETT

(waving to the employees)

Sitzen machen.

They sit. Schlemmer pops out of his office, putting on his hat, races after them.

125 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

As the group bears down on the elevator, the door opens and a man comes out with a bouquet of chrysanthemums and the two boutonnieres.

FLOWER MAN

Blumen.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

MacNamara grabs the flowers, shoves them into Otto's hands.

MacNAMARA
Here -- this is for your mother-in-law.

They pile into the elevator -- Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara, the tailor and the pants -- but there is no room for Schlemmer. As the elevator descends, Schlemmer scurries down the stairs.

126 INT. LOBBY - COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

The elevator has reached the ground floor. As the passengers spill out, Schlemmer comes pounding down the stairs, holds the front door open for them. They all rush out into the street.

127 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

As Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara, the tailor and Schlemmer sprint down the front steps, a man carrying a stack of hat-boxes comes toward them.

HAT MAN
Die Hüte.

MacNamara grabs the hat-boxes, passes them on to Schlemmer. They make for the parked Mercedes limousine. The painter, kneeling beside the front door, is half-finished with the crest while Fritz stands by watching. As the others come dashing up, Fritz scoots around to the driver's seat. Scarlett drags Otto into the back of the car.

MacNAMARA
(to tailor)
You -- in front!

He yanks the other door open, almost bowling the painter over. The tailor scrambles into the front seat.

MacNAMARA
(to painter)
You -- paint from the inside!

The painter climbs into the front seat, taking his paints with him. MacNamara hops into the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
Fritz -- to the airport -- eins, zwei, drei!

Schlemmer barely has time to squeeze the hat-boxes and himself into the rear seat. Before the door is even closed, the car is off like a rocket.

128 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Speeding through traffic toward Tempelhof airport. Thereis a scramble of activity in the car -- it looks like the inside of a Waring mixer. Fritz is hunched over the steering wheel like Stirling Moss, the tailor is sewing away at the striped pants, and the painter is leaning half-way out the window working on the crest. In the back seat, Otto is clutching the flowers, Scarlett and Schlemmer are opening hat-boxes, and MacNamara is trying to extricate his umbrella from the melee.

OTTO
(suddenly stabbed)
Watch that umbrella!

SCARLETT
(putting hat on Otto's head)
Try this one, darling.

MacNAMARA
(to Otto)
Here -- you'll need some stuff in your pockets --
(transferring objects)
-- money, cigarette case, lighter, picture of the castle --

SCARLETT
(sizing Otto up)
No, I don't like it.

She removes the hat from his head, tries another.

MacNAMARA
You better take my wrist-watch, too.

He slips the watch off, starts to put it on Otto's wrist -- he thinks.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

SCHLEMMER
That's my wrist.

MacNAMARA
Oh.

He proceeds to correct his mistake. Scarlett, meanwhile, is studying the new hat on Otto.

SCARLETT
You know, darling -- I don't think you were meant to wear a hat.

OTTO
I wasn't meant to be a count, either. It's ridiculous -- who's going to believe it?

MacNAMARA
Calm down. The only royalty we know in America is Nat King Cole, Duke Snider and Earl Wilson.

As Scarlett tries a third hat on Otto, Schlemmer starts to toss the empty hat-boxes out the open car window.

129 EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

The Mercedes, en route to the airport, is dodging through traffic at top speed. Hatboxes are flying out the rear window, while the sign painter hangs precariously out the front window working on the crest.

130 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The tailor, sewing away like mad, inadvertently stabs the painter in the behind. The painter almost leaps out the window.

TAILOR
Oh. Pardon.

The painter pulls himself back in, growls at the tailor. In the back seat Scarlett is trying hats on Otto, Schlemmer is hurling out hat-boxes, and MacNamara is adding up something on a sheet of paper. Scarlett produces a gray topper.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

OTTO
Please, Liebchen -- not that. Anything but that.

SCARLETT
All right.
(tosses topper out of window; to Schlemmer)
See if we have a black bowler.

SCHLEMMER
(searching through hat-boxes)
Bowler -- bowler -- bowler --

MacNAMARA
(handing sheet of paper to Otto)
Now here's a list of what you owe me.

OTTO
Owe you?

MacNAMARA
All itemized. Mercedes limousine, 20,000 marks. Cost of adoption, 4500 marks. Suits, haberdashery, shoes, etcetera, etcetera, 12,800 marks. Luggage, flowers, seven-course dinner, 925 marks. Haircut and manicure, 14 marks. Tip, 6 marks --
(a look from Otto)
-- I'm a very large tipper. Wristwatch, cigarette case, lighter -- with fluid -- 2300 marks. Loose change, 475 marks. Total, 41,020 marks -- or 10 thousand 255 dollars.

OTTO
You mean I've been a capitalist for three hours -- and already I owe over ten thousand dollars?

MacNAMARA
That's what makes our system work. Everybody owes everybody.

By this time Schlemmer has located the black bowler, and Scarlett has planted it on Otto's head.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

SCARLETT
That's the one.
(takes mirror out of bag, holds it up)
Don't you think it looks distinguished?

OTTO
(examines himself; grudgingly)
Not bad.

MacNamara glances at the watch on Otto's wrist.

MacNAMARA
Eleven forty-six! Faster, Fritz!

The car picks up speed. Schlemmer is throwing the last of the hat-boxes out the window.

SCARLET
(to Otto)
Now before you meet Daddy, I'd better warn you -- there are certain things he feels very strongly about. One is the Civil War --

OTTO
(never heard of it)
Civil War?

MacNAMARA
If the subject comes up, just say it was a draw.

SCARLETT
Another is Coca-Cola --

MacNAMARA
Tell him we must look beyond the six-pack. Why not a nine-pack? Or a twelve-pack?

SCARLETT
-- then there's golf --

MacNAMARA
The family that plays together stays together.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (3)

SCARLETT
-- and the world situation --

MacNAMARA
It's serious, but not hopeless.

SCARLETT
-- and vivisection --

MacNAMARA
It shouldn't happen to a dog.

A bewildered Otto is looking from one to the other like a spectactor at a tennis match.

SCARLETT
-- and Red China, and income taxes, and Tennessee Williams --

OTTO
(throwing his hands up)
Wait! Stop the car! It's no use. I can't remember all that!

SCARLETT
Darling, you can't give up now.

MacNamara has taken the two carnations out of the bouquet, puts one in Otto's buttonhole, one in his own.

MacNAMARA
Well, maybe we'll get lucky. Maybe somebody highjacked the plane.

The car careens into the driveway leading to Tempelhof Airport.

131 EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT - DAY

A ramp is being wheeled up to a Pan-American plane, whose motors are still running.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Pan-American gibt die Ankunft des Clippers 306 aus London bekannt.

The door of the plane opens, a stewardess steps out, and the passengers start to descend. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

MR. HAZELTINE
Now, Melanie -- you let me handle this young man. It'll take me just thirty seconds to find out if he's one of those fortune-hunters -- or some kind of crackpot.

MRS. HAZELTINE
Oh dear. I hope not.

MR. HAZELTINE
You don't know these Europeans.

MRS. HAZELTINE
My poor honeychile!

MR. HAZELTINE
(looking off)
Where are they, anyway?

Through a hangar and onto the field comes the Mercedes, at breakneck speed, with the painter leaning out the window. The car makes a sharp turn, swerves under the overhang.

As the car screeches to a stop, the painter applies the last touch of paint to the crest.

PAINTER
Finished.

At the same time, the tailor tosses the striped pants to MacNamara in the back seat.

TAILOR
Finished.

Schlemmer has now scrambled out of the car, and is followed by MacNamara with pants, Otto with flowers, and Scarlett.

MacNAMARA
(tossing pants to Otto)
You tear them again and I'll tear you apart.

He and the others form a screen around Otto as he starts to put his pants on.

Meanwhile, the Hazeltines have spotted their daughter.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. HAZELTINE
(waving)
Scarlett!

Scarlett leaves the group at the car, rushes to her parents.

SCARLETT
Mother!

(embraces her)

MRS. HAZELTINE
Let me look at you.

SCARLETT
Dad!
(embraces him)

MR. HAZELTINE
All right. Now where is he?

SCARLETT
Over here.

She leads them toward the car. Otto just manages to zip his pants up before turning to face his in-laws.

SCARLETT
I want you to meet my husband, Otto.

MacNAMARA
The Count von Droste-Schattenburg.

MR. HAZELTINE
Count von What?

SCARLETT
This is my mother --

MRS. HAZELTINE
(awed)
Your Highness.
(she curtsies)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (3)

OTTO
(waving her up; grandly)
Please -- not in the immediate family.
(gives her flowers, kisses her hand)
Gnädige Frau.

MR. HAZELTINE
(to MacNamara)
Oh, one of those. A hand-kisser!

SCARLETT
And this is my father.

OTTO
Hello, Dad. How's your golf? I always say the family that plays together --

MR. HAZELTINE
Never mind that. There are a few questions I want to ask you --

OTTO
Don't worry. If it's a boy, we'll name him after you.

MacNAMARA
Wendell P. von Droste-Schattenburg.

MR. HAZELTINE
Von Droste What?

SCARLETT
(to Mrs. Hazeltine)
We'll have to be very careful when we change the baby's diapers. Otto comes from a long line of bleeders.

MRS. HAZELTINE
(to Otto)
Oh, isn't that nice. I always wanted Scarlett to be married to a long line of something.

Mr. Hazeltine, meanwhile, has drawn MacNamara aside.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (4)

MR. HAZELTINE
Now tell me about this young man, MacNamara. Who is he -- and what does he do besides slobber over women's hands?

MacNAMARA
Don't let that title fool you -- he works for a living.

MR. HAZELTINE
Doing what?

MacNAMARA
As a matter of fact, he's head of our bottling plant.

MR. HAZELTINE
He works for us?

MacNAMARA
Best man I ever had -- graduate engineer -- it took a lot of finagling to get him away from our competitors.

MR. HAZELTINE
(pleased)
You don't say.

Otto has now removed the contents of his inside coat pocket, and is showing them to his mother-in-law.

OTTO
This is a picture of the family castle. And this is my party membership --
(catches himself)
Oops -- wrong party!

He tears up the Communist Party book, tosses it on a passing baggage cart.

SCARLETT
(indicating door of limousine)
And here's the family crest.

MRS. HAZELTINE
Oh, you'll have to put that on all your stationery and your silverware and your underwear --

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (5)

Mr. Hazeltine and MacNamara rejoin them.

MR. HAZELTINE
(beaming at Otto)
Glad to have you on the team, son. I suppose you two met at the bottling plant.

SCARLETT
Oh, no -- we met at a parade. He was carrying a picture of Khrushchev --

MR. HAZELTINE
Khrushchev?

OTTO
Yes -- with a big slogan on it -- Russki Go Home!

MacNAMARA
They threw him in jail for it.

MRS. HAZELTINE
(to Otto)
My poor boy!

MR. HAZELTINE
How is the situation here in Berlin?

OTTO
It shouldn't happen to a dog.
(a nudge from MacNamara)
I mean, it's a draw.
(another nudge)
Actually, the situation is hopeless -- but not serious.

MR. HAZELTINE
(mystified)
Hopeless but not --
(to MacNamara, beaming)
Say, the boy's got a head on his shoulders.

MacNAMARA
What did I tell you?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (6)

OTTO
(taking tickets and passports from Hazeltine)
May I have those?
(a la MacNamara)
Fritz, mit the luggage machen!

FRITZ
(clicks heels)
Jawohl!
(goes off with tickets)

OTTO
Next. Schlemmer, take these to Passport Control. Eins, zwei, drei!

SCHLEMMER
(clicks heels)
Jawohl.
(goes off with passports)

OTTO
Next. Mom -- Dad -- I'm giving a little banquet tonight -- un petit diner en famille --

MRS. HAZELTINE
He speaks French, too.

SCARLETT
And Russian.

MacNAMARA
(quickly)
White Russian, of course.

OTTO
(putting his arm around Hazeltine's shoulder)
There are a few ideas I'd like to kick around with you. We must look beyond the six-pack. Why not a nine-pack? Or a twelve-pack?

From off scene comes the dispatcher's voice over the public address system.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED (7)

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Pan-American Flight 17, to New York via Frankfurt, now boarding at Gate 5.

MacNamara turns and looks toward the terminal building.

At Gate 5, a Pan-American stewardess is collecting the boarding passes of the passengers. Through the glass windows of the waiting room, Phyllis, Tommy and Cindy can be seen standing in line. Over this --

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Pan-American gibt den Abflug des Clippers 17 nach New York uber Frankfurt bekannt. Bitte halten Sie Ihre Bordkarten bereit und begeben Sie sich zu Flugsteig Nummer 5.

MacNAMARA
(spotting his family)
Phyllis!

But before he can take more than a couple of steps toward the staircase, Mr. Hazeltine catches up with him.

MR. HAZELTINE
Well, Mac, you came through a hundred percent.

MacNAMARA
(modestly)
I did what I could.

MR. HAZELTINE
Now I'm sure I found the right man for the London job.

MacNAMARA
Thank you, Mr. Hazeltine.

MR. HAZELTINE
It's just what we need -- somebody who's a good organizer, has a lot of drive, knows the business, speaks several languages --

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (8)

MacNAMARA
Well, I studied every chance I had.

MR. HAZELTINE
Yes, sir -- absolutely the ideal man for this position -- and I'm not just saying this because he's my son-in-law.

MacNAMARA
How's that?

MR. HAZELTINE
It's not going to hurt our prestige any -- head of European operations -- Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA
Oh. That's how it is.

MR. HAZELTINE
As for you, Mac -- you haven't been forgotten. You're going all the way to the top now. There's an opening in the home office -- vice-president in charge of procurement -- and it's all yours.

MacNAMARA
(drily)
Why are you so good to me?

MR. HAZELTINE
I know you must be dying to get back to Atlanta.

MacNAMARA
Dying is right.

He crosses to Otto, tosses the umbrella to him.

MacNAMARA
Here you are, Count. I won't be needing this any more.

OTTO
(veddy British)
Thank you, old chap.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED (9)

MacNAMARA
(to Scarlett)
Goodbye, Countess.

SCARLETT
(throwing her arms around his neck)
Mr. MacNamara, I simply adore you. Will you write to us?

MacNAMARA
Better than that. I'll send you some silver-plated sauerkraut for Christmas.

He hurries off toward the terminal building.

Phyllis, Tommy and Cindy are descending the steps from the waiting room. At the foot of the stairs is a coke machine.

TOMMY
Mom, can we have a coke?

PHYLLIS
You can have one on the plane. Besides, I don't have any change.

MacNAMARA
(coming up)
I've got change.

PHYLLIS
Mac.

MacNAMARA
It's very nice of you to come down here to see me off.

PHYLLIS
Where are you going?

MacNAMARA
Back to the States.

PHYLLIS
Funny. That's where we're going.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (10)

MacNAMARA
I thought I'd take Flight 17 to New York. From there I can hop a freedom bus to Atlanta.

PHYLLIS
Atlanta?

MacNAMARA
Yeah. I'm the new vice-president in charge of bottlecaps. They're kicking me upstairs.

PHYLLIS
That's something I've always wanted to do myself.

MacNAMARA
So any time you and the kids would care to join me, I'll be waiting for you.

PHYLLIS
Just a minute. Conference.

She goes into a huddle with the two children. MacNamara starts inserting coins into the slot of the coke machine.

PHYLLIS
(coming out of huddle; to MacNamara)
Two out of three. Deal is on.

MacNAMARA
Two out of three?
(glaring at his family)
All right. Who's the wise guy -- ?

Bottles start spewing out of the coke machine. MacNamara hands one Coca-Cola to Tommy, another to Cindy, a third to Phyllis. The final bottle he takes for himself -- and his jaw drops when he looks at it. It is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

MacNAMARA
(a final scream)
Schlemmer!

FADE OUT